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YOUNG JOHN KENNEDY

A vivacious and beautiful brunette named Rose Fitzgerald, who grew up in the lime-light of Boston where she graduated from high school at age fifteen, third highest in her class and quickly became accustomed to publicity—she was the daughter of Boston Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, previously a United States Congressman—had one great love in her life, Joseph Patrick Kennedy. They met first at the seaside at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, when she was seven and he nine. It was eight summers before they met again and fell in love.

"We began to think of each other as sweethearts," Rose Kennedy recalls in her book, *Times To Remember*, "or at least I did."

But Rose's father was very protective of his oldest child and though he approved of freckle-faced, open-mannered young Kennedy, he was not going to allow her to rush into marriage. But the imaginative young pair managed to outfox her father and meet, innocently enough, for an occasional rendezvous.

Of her father Rose says, "In politics he was sometimes known as 'The Little Napoleon' and he could be Napoleonic in matters of home and family as well. Arguments would have got me no place."

But she was his favorite child and she often wondered if he just possibly thought no one was good enough for her. At eighteen she had her debut, an event that she still recalls happily. The debut, she says, was not lavish, "just a beautiful reception and tea at home. My parents turned the house into a bower of roses. I wore a white satin dress with a short train; the bodice and skirt were embroidered in white, with just a touch of yellow silk ribbon showing through the embroidery along the hemline; long white kidskin gloves; no jewels or ornaments except a bit of white ribbon in my hair and a corsage of violets and lillies of the valley."

This was the time when anxious young gentlemen came to call, but Rose had already chosen hers. She knew then that she would marry her Joe. So, obviously, did her father for there

followed a winter in Palm Beach which, of course, conflicted with her date to attend the prom at Harvard with Joe. She pleaded with her father to let her stay north for this most important event, but he was adamant and Rose went to Palm Beach and stayed. A few months later her family took her to Europe, Central America, back to Palm Beach, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, at all of them meeting young men. "Oh, yes," Rose remembers, "my father was very thorough."

But despite this, the long separations, Rose remained true to Joe and when she was back home again, they managed to have their secret meetings.

"Our finest hour came—as Joe and I later agreed—on a walk one day when we thought we saw a news reporter. We were passing a church, so we dashed inside and sat in a rear pew. When we looked about, we discovered that we were in a Christian Science church. As Roman Catholics we were not supposed to be there."¹

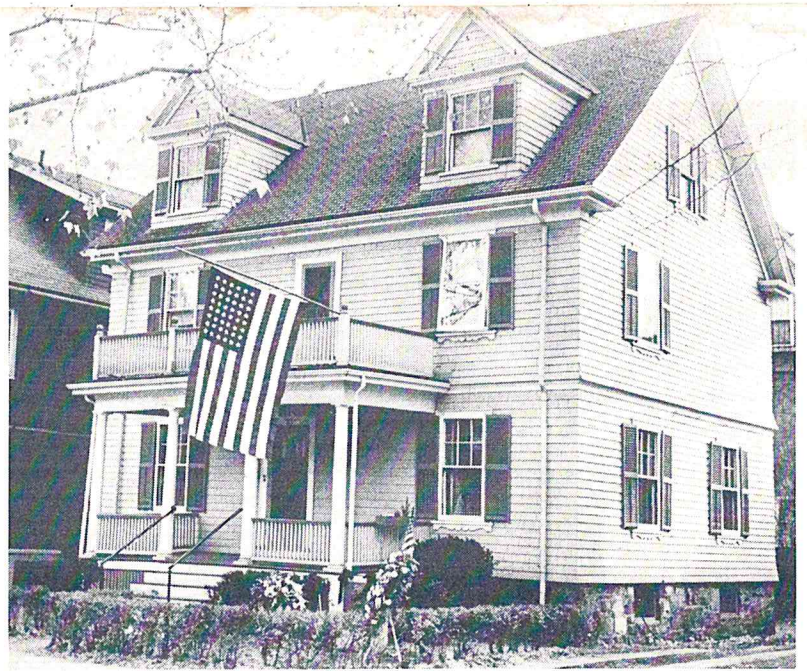
Throughout their lives together, Joe and Rose Kennedy often laughed about this and the fact that if anyone had seen them there together and reported it, no one would have believed it, including her father. After their marriage though, Joe and Rose often drove by that church and later, when he felt he could manage it, Joe gave the church an anonymous gift of money.

In those days young couples did not attempt marriage until they could afford it on their own. Though both families could easily have subsidized Joe and Rose, there was to be none of that. By that time Joe Kennedy had become president of a bank, the Columbia Trust. He was twenty-five years old and the youngest bank president in the United States, as his son, John, was later to become the youngest elected president of the United States.

They were married in October, 1914 in a private chapel of Cardinal O'Connell, who performed the ceremony. Only family and close friends were in attendance. After a two week honeymoon in White Sulphur Springs, West

¹ See Bibliography

The Kennedys



Birthplace of John F. Kennedy in Brookline, Mass.

At first, Rose's father did not approve of young Joe Kennedy and their courtship had to be a secret affair. In time, however, they were given their families' blessings to wed.

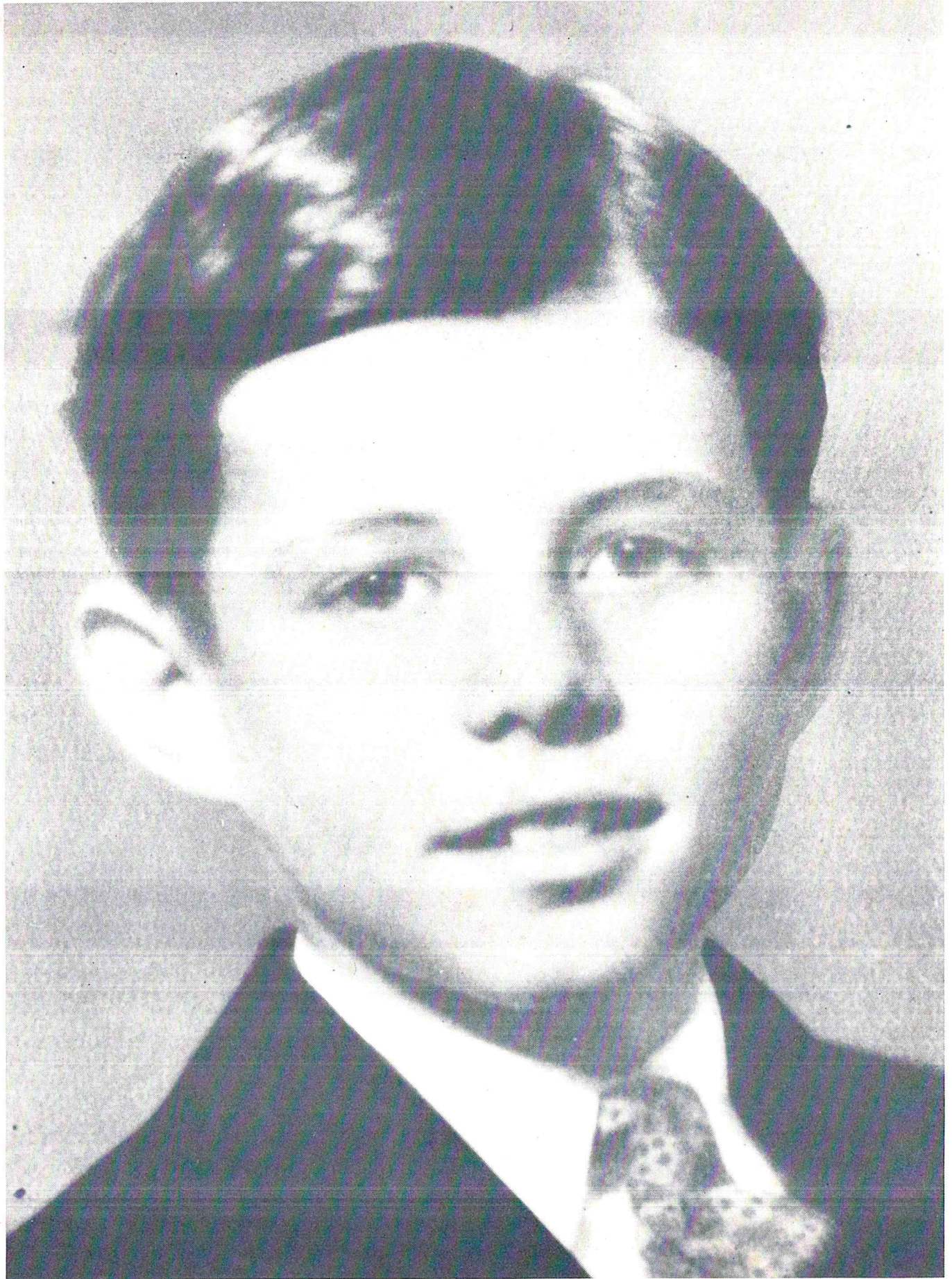


The young Mrs. Kennedy with her children Rosemary, John and Joseph, Jr. (left to right).



1921 family album photo shows Rose Kennedy with (l-r) Eunice, Kathleen, Rosemary, John, and Joseph, Jr.

Early Childhood



A school photograph of John F. Kennedy taken when he was eight years old.

Virginia, they returned home to Boston, to the house they had picked and furnished before. Now a public museum, their first home is at 83 Beals Street. It was at this house that their first four children arrived, with John Fitzgerald Kennedy appearing on May 29, 1917. Two more children arrived, Rosemary and Kathleen, before the young Kennedys moved—to a house on Naples Street.

From the very beginning the Kennedy children, who came quickly, were taught to share, to ask questions. This was a trait that John Kennedy maintained and even after he became president of the United States, he was not in the least afraid to ask questions about anything. It was one of his most endearing traits.

Joe and Rose Kennedy bore nine children, four of whom were boys. Joe, who many believe his father intended to groom for the presidency, was killed in World War II. Sadly Rosemary was retarded and though her parents, particularly her mother, tried desperately to keep her home, to mold her into a happy if not bright child, she eventually saw that this was unwise, and Rosemary was sent to a very special home or convent in Wisconsin where all the remaining members of her family visit her often and find her happy and contented.

There's little doubt that all the Kennedy children were broadened in experience and sophistication by their father's Ambassadorship to Great Britain where he took along his entire family and all in turn were favorites of the British people, but particularly Kathleen, whom the family called Kick. Later she married, outside her church, Billy Hartington, eldest grandson and heir to the Duke of Devonshire. They were deeply in love, but their time was short, for Billy was killed in action on September 12, 1944. Four years later, on May 13, 1948, Kathleen was killed in the crash of a plane on a mountainside in the edges of the Swiss Alps.

Though it had always been expected that the oldest boy, Joe, would be the one to enter politics and strive for the highest office in the land, it did not happen that way. But contrary to the beliefs of many—that John Kennedy was forced into politics, figuratively into Joe's shoes—this is not true. He chose his way of life himself and in typical and direct manner, set about accomplishing it his way.

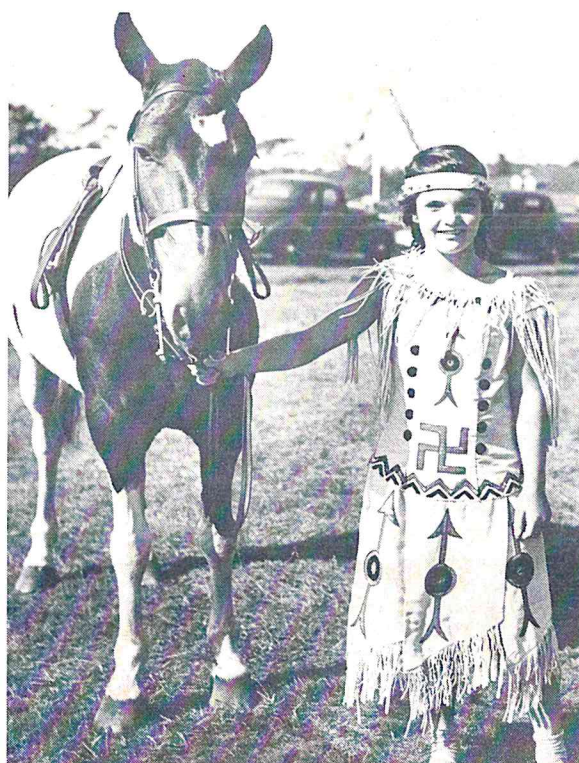
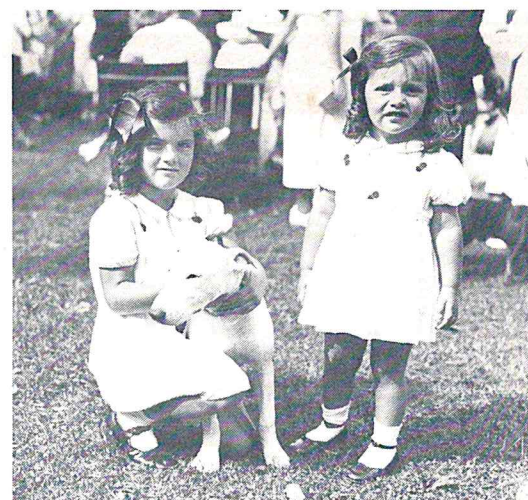
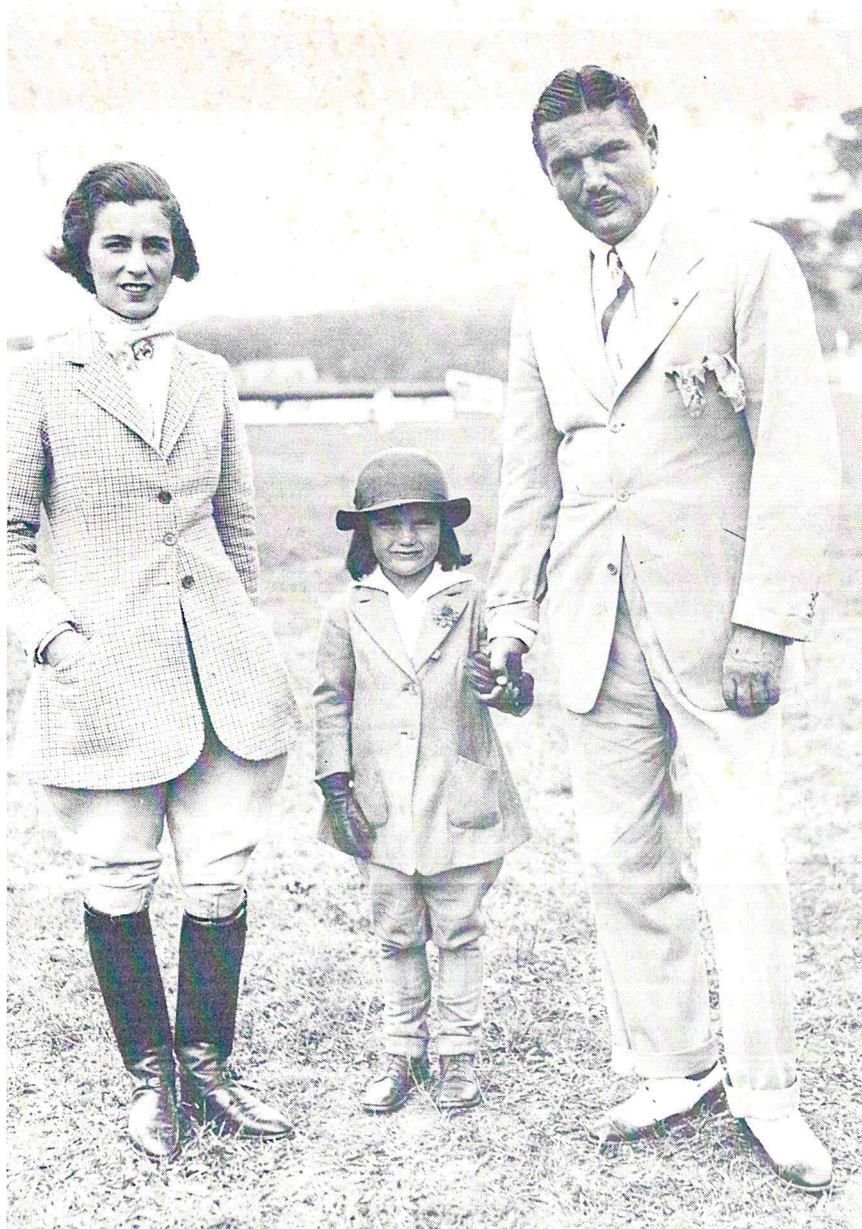
Jack was not more than an average student as a child. He attended local private schools in Boston and at the age of thirteen he left home for

Canterbury, New Milford, Connecticut, a Catholic boarding school. After that he attended a non-sectarian school, Choate, at Wallingford, Connecticut. All along he enjoyed sports, but his father was constantly after him to pay more heed to his studies. He entered Princeton at age eighteen, but became ill while a freshman and the next year started over—at Harvard. His first two years there were not spectacular and his father was far from pleased. But something happened during his junior year. He became a serious student, not because of any pushing from the family, but by his own choice. He majored in government and when at home with the family, was active in dinner table current event discussions. He also travelled extensively, even going to Russia and the Near East. Along about this time he wrote *Why England Slept* and it became a best seller. Jack Kennedy was very much concerned with Nazi Germany and where it was heading. He graduated cum laude from Harvard in 1940, going on to Stanford University in California for graduate school.

And he enlisted in the Navy in 1941. At that time he was not interested in politics for himself—this was to be the job of his brother, Joe. But he was interested in what was happening in the world and why—and he didn't like it. He was commander of a motor torpedo boat in the Southwest Pacific and very nearly was killed when his PT-109 was rammed and sunk by a Japanese destroyer. He and the others swam three miles to an island (August, 1943). Seven days later, hungry and frightened (he said so himself: "It scared the devil out of me"), they were rescued by friendly natives.

In 1945 when he was only twenty-eight years old, John Kennedy ran for a seat in the Congress of Massachusetts. His territory would include the North End of Boston as well as the East End. Though John returned from the war, he did so with injuries which were to torment him from time to time for the rest of his life. Though he looked so young—his mother said he looked about nineteen—he worked hard on that election and came out the winner at the age of twenty-nine.

He could have stayed in that office on and on through the years, but this was not the Kennedy way. Though he was in constant contact with his father, young JFK had a mind of his own and in 1952 he took on Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who was considered unbeatable for Senator from Massachusetts. And amazingly, he won.



Young Jacqueline shown with her parents (upper left), Mr. and Mrs. John V. Bouvier III. Her sister Lee (above, top) posed with Jackie and "Regent" at the annual Village Fair dog show in Easthampton, Long Island. The young Miss Bouvier (above) competed in horse shows even as a tot. At the age of nine, she won a prize in costume at Easthampton Riding Club (left).



Rose and Joseph Kennedy, 1934.

As Princeton University freshmen, John and two classmates sent this Christmas card (1935). Ralph Horton, Jr. (left) and Kirk Lemoyne Billings also were classmates at the Choate School with John. The lyrics on the card are an adaptation of Irving Berlin's 1935 song hit, "Top Hat." John became ill shortly after and dropped out; he entered Harvard as a freshman the next fall.



We're puttin' on our top hat,

Tyin' up our white tie,

Brushin' off our tails,

In order to

Wish you

A Merry Christmas



The Kennedys sailed to Europe on the *Normandie* in September, 1935 and they took John and Kathleen with them. Eunice, Robert, Edward, Patricia and Jean attended the bon voyage.



The Kennedys in 1937 when Joseph Kennedy was Ambassador to Britain. The nine children are (on left) John, aged 20; Patricia, 13; Jean, 9; and Eunice, 16; on right: Joseph, Jr., 22; Rosemary, 19; Robert, 12; and Kathleen, 17; Edward, 5.

Young John Kennedy, who had been Johnny to his parents when he was very young, and Jack when he was older, now became Senator Jack to his family and friends. Though he dated many pretty girls who had two things in common, beauty and brains, none of them managed to cast a lasting spell and the Senator from Massachusetts was still a bachelor. If he was aware that he was considered a prize catch, he never admitted it. Actually, he had his mind so thoroughly on his work, on learning more about it, that he had little time for falling in love. There was too that closeness with his family, hurried trips to Hyannis Port and the family compound, long discussions with his father and his mother too, heated rounds with his two brothers, Bobby, very much married to his Ethel and starting a family, and Teddy, the baby whose intelligence and interests—not to mention his good looks—were adding to his popularity. The brothers were close, but then the entire Kennedy family was that. It was something they had been taught as children, clung to as they grew older.

As children, the Kennedys had been taught firmly to talk to each other with understanding, but to make sure they had something to say. Idle chatter was out and had been all their lives, but not ideas, mistaken though they might have been; not curious searching, for in that way one learned.

It began to look as if Senator John Kennedy was to be a bachelor—unheard of in such a riotously marrying family—that he was going to go on devoting his time and energy to his work, politics. Not for a minute did one think that he didn't enjoy girls, have lots of dates, because he did—many of them. There were rumors that he had an eye for actress Grace Kelly, and she for him, at one time. But nothing came of this and several years later she married the Prince of Monaco in a fairyland wedding of her own.

But along about 1951 the name of Jacqueline Bouvier began to show up in columns as having been seen with the good-looking senator. At that time Jacqueline was a roving reporter for a Washington newspaper, the *Washington Times Herald*. The Senator admitted to his family that he knew her, that she was a charming and lovely girl, but that was as far as he would go. They, like the rest of the world, had to guess at how serious this attachment might be.

The family began to take this romance to heart when Jack brought her for a visit to the family compound in the summer of 1952. It was obvious

that Rose Kennedy liked her at once and so did Joe. She had all the attributes—on the surface—for the right kind of wife for Jack Kennedy. She was pretty, from a fine family, gracious and Catholic. (Despite their religion, Jackie's parents were divorced and her mother had remarried—this time to Hugh Auchinclos, a fine man and a millionaire.)

But Jacqueline was not nearly as self-assured on this trip as it would appear. She knew that it was most important that Jack's family liked her and felt she would "fit in."

Jackie recalls her first meeting with her future mother-in-law this way. "The first time I met her was a little more than a year before I married Jack. I remember she was terribly sweet to me. For instance, I had a special dress to wear to dinner—I was more dressed up than his sisters were, and Jack teased me about it, saying something like, 'Where do you think you're going?'"¹

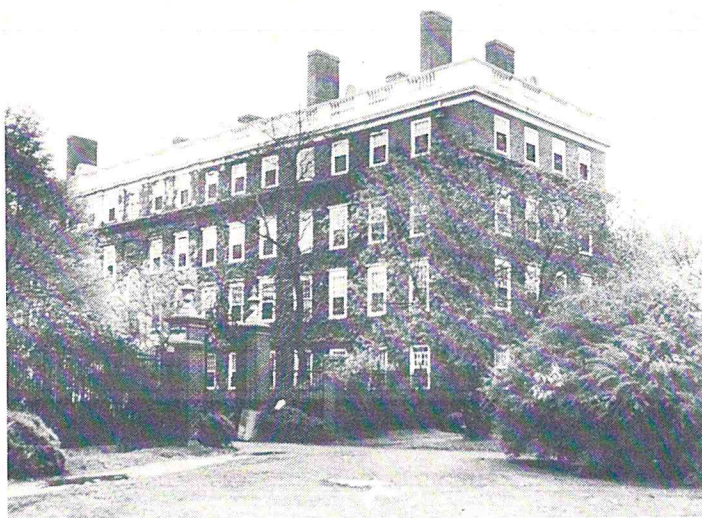
But Jackie was saved from embarrassment by Rose Kennedy, who said, "Oh, don't be mean to her, dear. She looks lovely." Jackie goes on, "She did everything to put one at ease. And I expect I was nervous. It was the first time I'd seen all of Jack's family together. I knew Bobby and Ethel and I knew Eunice, but I'd never seen the whole group at once. I had already met Jack's father, and he was the same—so welcoming and kind, and I adored him.

"It was a marvelous weekend. How can I explain those people? They were like carbonated water. They'd be talking about so many things with so much enthusiasm. At dinner or in the living room, anywhere, everybody would be talking about something, they had so much interest in life. And they were so gay and so generous and so open and accepting to outsiders. I thought they were wonderful."

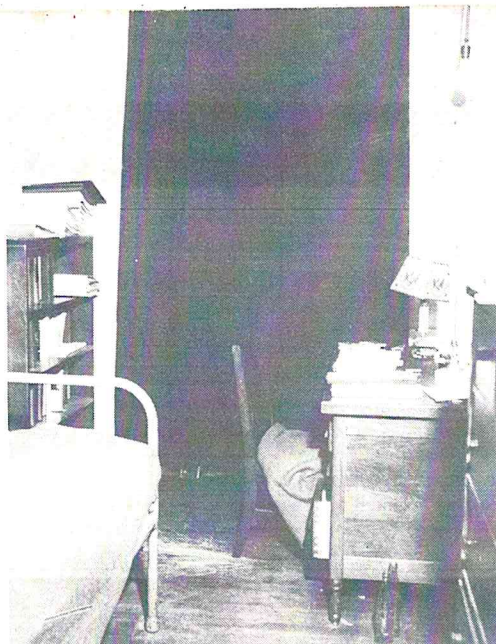
It gave Jackie a great deal more confidence in her romance with the Senator from Massachusetts. They became very close. But it was, to Jackie at any rate, a confusing romance. The Senator was extremely busy. When they did see each other, quite often on little notice because of his schedule, he was charming and attentive and seemed vastly interested in her.

But it was frustrating just the same. Jackie knew she must do something to force the issue, bring some kind of a commitment from him. She went to Europe and dropped him a note. He sent her a postcard saying, "You are missed." She may have shed a few tears over that, but again

The Young Man



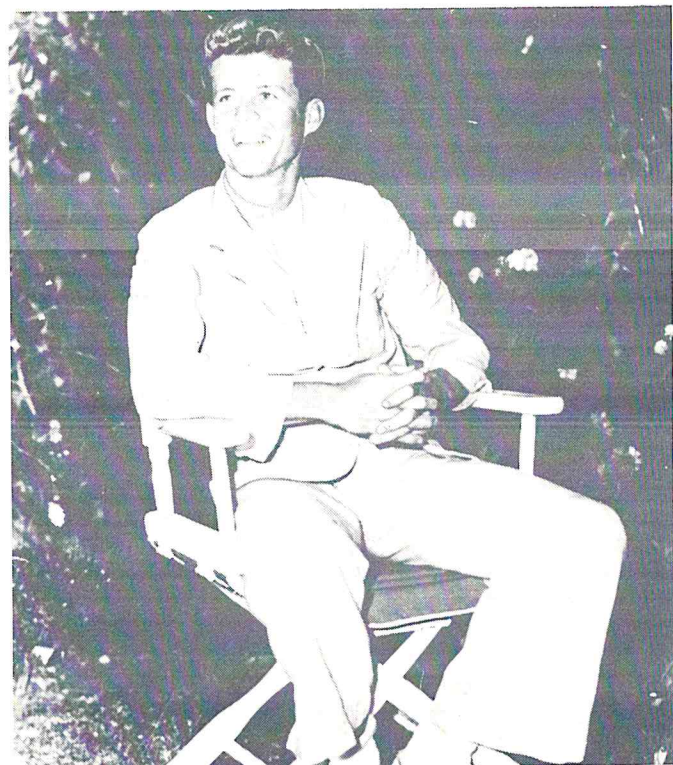
Winthrop House, Harvard University, where John resided as a student, 1937-40.



It was a room such as this at Winthrop that young John occupied at Harvard.



John unpacks at Winthrop House for his Junior year. Notice Mother's picture on dresser.



This informal photo of John was found in a college scrapbook of Harvard days.



Swimming was one of his favorite sports at school and during his adult years.



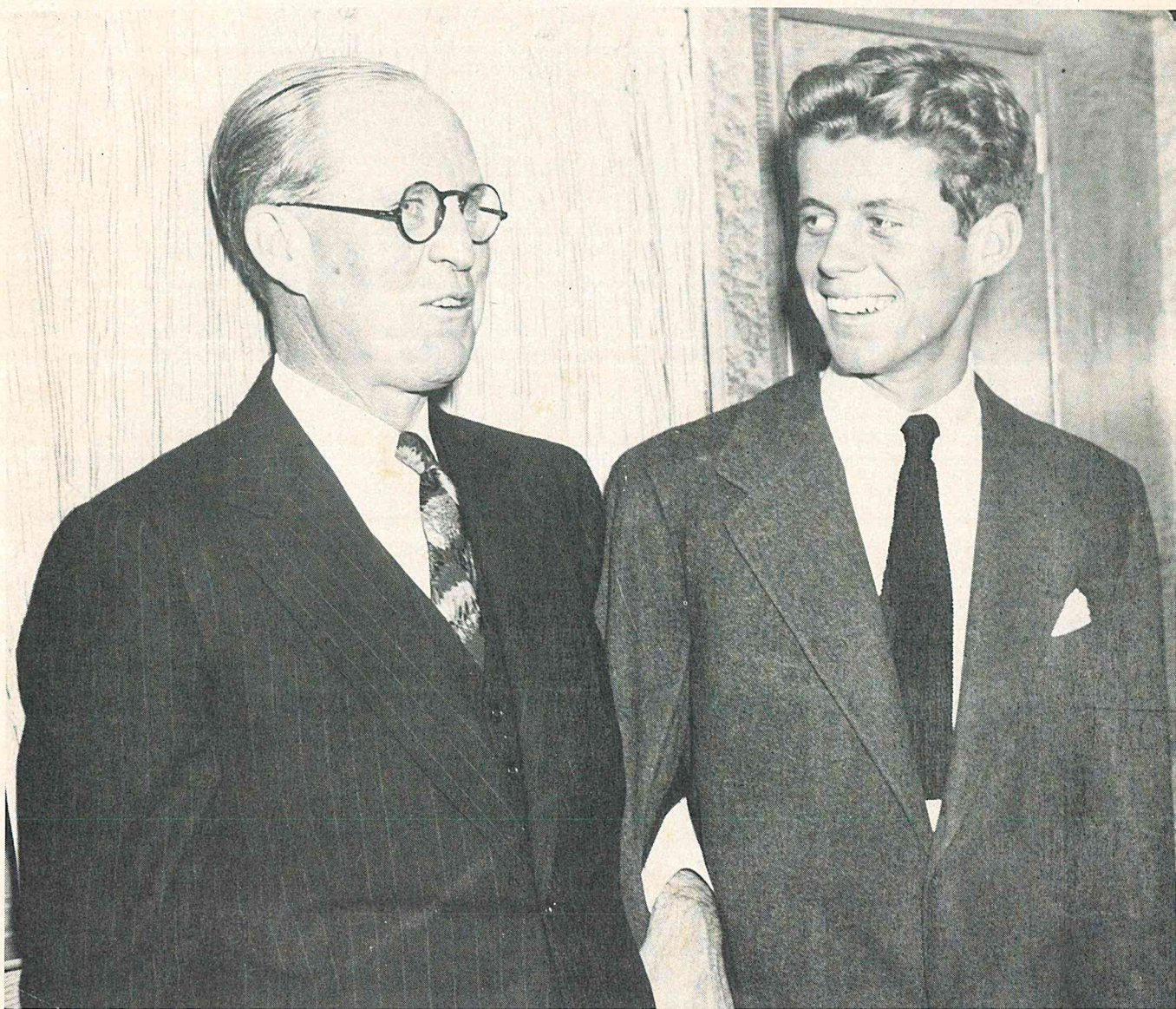
John was a member of the Harvard swimming team (1937); he's third from left, top.



A cap and gown photo from a school days album.



Ambassador Joseph Kennedy with sons John and Joe at American Embassy, London.



Arm in arm with his father, John (aged 21) developed a lifelong respect for the former Ambassador.



she may have known him well enough by then to realize it was the beginning of a commitment.

Jackie had met the Senator by interviewing him on her reporter-about-town job. It is quite likely that she chose this encounter for her own reasons. Jack Kennedy was successful, brilliant and handsome. "He was the most exciting man I had ever met," Jackie later admitted.

Taking her to Hyannis Port and his family, though Jackie may not have known it, was a commitment in itself. The Kennedy boys did not take passing fancies to visit their parents.

But along during that mystical summer of 1953, Jackie knew she was in love and she suspected that her Senator felt the same way. It was the beginning of Camelot, their dreamy romance. Of course, his family approved of her. She was from a fine family, was a socialite and above all else, she was Catholic. What pleased all the Kennedys, the whole clan of them, was the fact that Jacqueline Bouvier was not only a gracious young lady, but fetchingly beautiful.

Finally Jack Kennedy spoke the magic words. He asked Jackie to be his wife and she accepted. This happened in the golden summer of 1953.

Here is what Jackie says of her wedding plans: "The wedding was going to be at Newport, so one day my mother invited Jack's mother over

for lunch to discuss the plans. Jack was staying for the weekend, and the situation amused me so much. Because here was Jack, thirty-six and a United States Senator, and his mother was coming to have lunch with my mother to discuss our wedding plans. We were on our way to the beach to have a swim before lunch. Our mothers were dressed up—I remember his mother wore a beautiful light blue silk dress and a big hat. Jack had on an undershirt and shorts and a pair of bedroom slippers and I expect she was rather mortified at the sight her son presented. The two ladies—my mother and his—were in the front of the car and we sat in the back like two bad children. It was, I'm sure, one of Jack's least favorite days—the two mothers in their hats and pearls and white gloves chattering away about the wedding. We went swimming and I came out of the water and it was time to go for lunch, but Jack dawdled. And I remember his mother stood on the walk and called to her son, 'Jack! J-a-ck!'—it was just like little children who won't come out and pretend not to hear their mother calling." At any rate, his mother, or Jackie—she can't remember which—finally started down after him. But by that time he had 'grown up' and was on his way, saying, "Yes, Mother."

Jackie felt far more relaxed after that with the dignified fast-climbing man she was going to marry.

JOHN AND JACKIE'S LOVE STORY

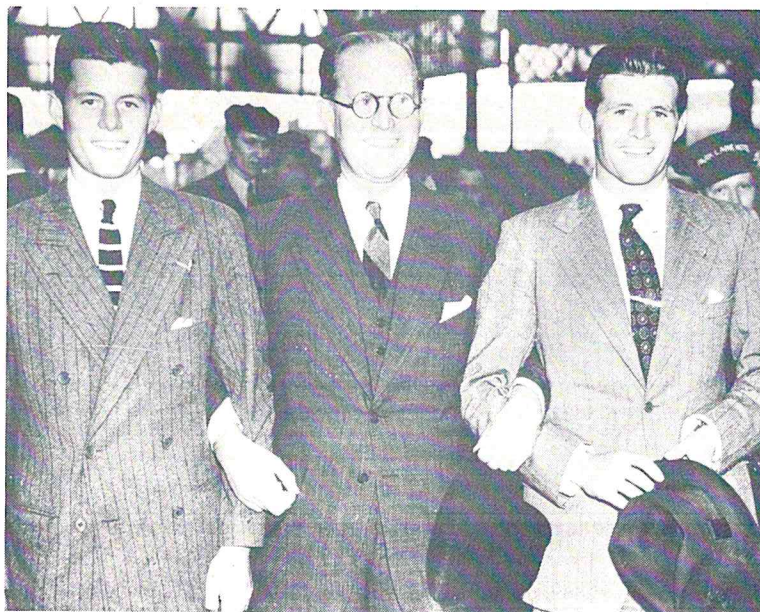
The wedding of beautiful Jacqueline Bouvier and Senator John F. Kennedy was "smiled upon by the Gods," according to one of the guests. But the Kennedys made the entire day one of excitement and fun, romping about Hammersmith, the Auchincloss home, and putting the guests through their paces.

Their courtship had been so quiet—they didn't go to public places, choosing rather quiet evenings with friends or family or alone—so that it is no wonder that the *Saturday Evening Post* ran an article on the bachelor Senator, intimating that though many hopeful lasses looked longingly his way, it was doubtful any of them would succeed.

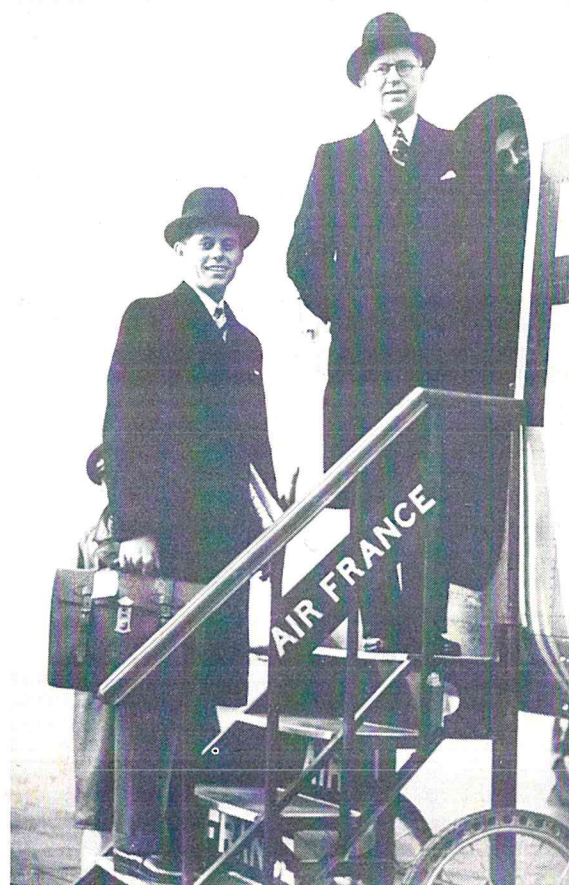
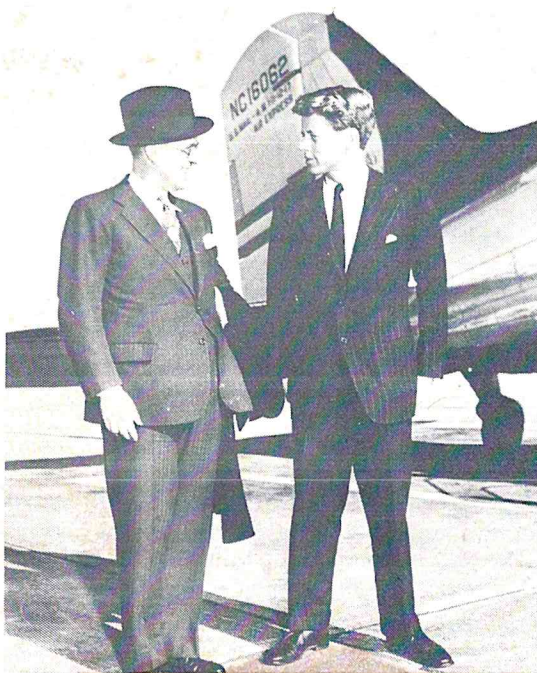
The day of the wedding, September 12, 1953, was a beautiful day with the sky blue and a few drifting fluffs of cloud. Hammersmith was beautifully decorated—it was done in such exquisite taste anyway—and many were the guests fortunate enough to have been invited.

Jacqueline was lovely in a gown of white taffeta faille with a rose point veil lent to her by her grandmother. True to tradition she carried her mother's lace handkerchief (something borrowed) and wore a blue garter (something blue).

Her bridesmaids wore dresses of pink taffeta with deep pink sashes—a color that has always been Jacqueline's favorite—and her sister, Lee, as matron of honor, wore a rose-colored gown;



As U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, Joe Kennedy very often took his two older sons along on official visits. Young John and Joe travelled extensively and learned from their father. Above, young Robert went along with Dad and John to London; the photo was taken in 1939, probably on the Embassy balcony.



six-year-old Jamile Auchincloss was page boy, decked out in short black velvet trousers and white silk shirt. It was indeed a gorgeous wedding in line with the ultra-smart weddings of Newport where society reigned.

Jackie's engagement ring was a square cut emerald and diamond, and she had also another gift from her groom—a diamond bracelet. Gifts of love, but more than that—gifts to the woman he had chosen to share the rest of his life. It was for them “until death do us part.”

The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church with Archbishop Cushing (later to become Cardinal Cushing and a close friend of the Kennedy family) performing the ceremony and bestowing upon them the blessing that had come from the Pope himself. Twelve hundred people attended the wedding.

Later, the reception at Hammersmith was also lavish—with eight hundred invited guests, including relatives and friends. Bobby Kennedy had been his brother's best man.

Still later the bride and groom, she in a smart travel suit, slipped away and flew off to Acapulco, Mexico, far from the curious crowds. It was an idyllic time for the lovers, for Jack had chosen a little pastel pink house looking out over the blue Pacific. To this day, when her honeymoon is mentioned, Jackie's eyes mist. They were so gloriously happy that they didn't want it to end. But it had to. The Senator from Massachusetts had to get back on the job and his beautiful lady must take her place in Washington as his wife. They had chosen a house in Georgetown for their first home and Jacqueline, who had always had a gift for interior decorating, had it ready for them. Her groom was delighted.

Immediately they were swept into the rounds of his position, the parties, luncheons—all that went with his work—and Jacqueline fitted in graciously, always thoughtful of her husband. They preferred small parties, going to the homes of their friends and having them to theirs. Jackie recalls, “The conversations were always so stimulating.” She also became more and more aware of the true brilliance of the man she had married.

Though dressed conservatively, his clothes were always of the best. He did not go in for jewelry for himself, wearing only a tie clasp and watch. In Washington he was often called “the conservative liberal.”

Of course, they joined the family in Hyannis Port in the summer, built a house in the Kennedy

compound. Jackie did not want this at first, feeling, no doubt, that being too close was not good. But Jack managed to convince her that in their family it worked, that this was what he truly wanted. And she gave in. Later she said she had been wrong, that living on the Kennedy compound was an experience she would not have missed for the world. It is understandable that she was hesitant—all the Kennedys were robust, outgoing, vital. And she was shy and reticent. She loved the arts, decorating, and horseback riding. Like her mother-in-law, Rose, she didn't understand too much about the riotous touch football the family played, but she was a good enough sport to join in.

Their first child, Caroline, was born on November 27, 1957 and it was not an easy time for Jacqueline. Jackie had miscarried before and so she was most careful while waiting for this child. The Kennedys had an apartment in New York City where they spent considerable time and Jacqueline went there when the time for the baby's arrival drew near. She wanted to have her baby at New York Hospital. The baby was expected in December, but she was a bit premature and arrived a few days earlier.

It was then that they hired a nannie—an English one named Maude Shaw, who had been highly recommended. Maude Shaw's first contact with her new charge came when she met Senator Kennedy in New York Hospital where he'd gone to get his new daughter who was by then eleven days old. Jackie had chosen the English nurse because she herself had had an English nannie and thought them best, and her husband, who had spent considerable time in England when his father was ambassador there, went along with this decision.

At this time JFK was so busy with the Senate elections that he was not at home as often as he wished, but his wife and the new English nannie got on famously. In her book, Maud Shaw reports, “Once the Senator had a try at feeding the baby, but I fear the whole process was too slow for him, and after about ten minutes he handed her back to me with a smile. ‘I guess this is your department after all,’ he said. ‘I had better leave it to you.’”²

They stayed in New York, at the Kennedy's Park Avenue apartment, long enough to give Jacqueline time to get her strength and for her and the baby to get acquainted with their English nannie, who was to be a member of the family for over seven years. Jackie's sister, Lee,



This photo of Jacqueline, right, was taken in June 1941 when she attended a wedding with her mother, Mrs. Lee Bouvier, and sister Lee in matching outfit.



Lt. John Kennedy takes a night on the town (at the Stork Club, 1944).



A family portrait, 1943(left to right) Edward, Jeanne, Robert, Patricia, Eunice, Kathleen, Rosemary, John, Mrs. Kennedy and Joseph Kennedy.

was a frequent visitor and the nannie found her the exact opposite of her sister. This was before Lee became the Princess Lee Radziwill. Lee was outgoing and unreserved and friendly, while Jackie was more quiet and reserved.

When Caroline was four months old they all moved to Washington to be closer to Jack, who had purchased a beautiful old red brick house in the Georgetown district of Washington. The address was 3307 N Street. It was a lovely house, decorated by Jackie, or at least overseen by her with her sister carrying out her instructions. It was beautiful and the Senator was delighted with it. Aside from Maud Shaw, there was a butler-valet for the Senator, a cook and a housemaid.

It was a well-planned house and not nearly so narrow as most of the houses in this area, which is one of the most fashionable in Washington, and reminded Miss Shaw of the Chelsea district of London where for the most part houses were narrow and their doors were painted in bright colors.

The first floor of the house included reception and dining rooms, kitchen and pantry. On the second floor was the double bedroom and bathrooms occupied by the Senator and his wife; also a guest room with bath.

But baby Caroline and her nurse had the entire third floor to themselves which was lovely for both of them. It had a beautiful view of the city and the sun made it light and cheerful. It was daintily decorated in pink as befits a little girl. There were pale pink walls with little bouquets of roses in the paper. Caroline's bassinet was decorated with two big pink satin bows at either end and was further adorned with pink and white organdy ruffles. The color scheme continued in the furniture which was white with pink leaves designing it. There was a white carpet and a pink bathroom—all for baby Caroline. Maud Shaw's bedroom connected to Caroline's and was done in a deeper pink with white trimmings.

Mrs. Kennedy quickly regained her strength and delved into her busy life as the wife of a U.S. Senator, but she always found time during the afternoon to go to the third floor for playtime with her baby daughter. Caroline was kept awake until seven p.m. so that her busy father could pay his baby daughter a visit. And it was not at all unusual for Jackie to have a lunch packed for her husband and herself and take it there to him so they could have that little time together. She was constantly on the alert that her husband's

diet was proper and nourishing as well as being good to the taste.

When Caroline was four months old she smiled at her father and this thoroughly delighted him. It was something he often talked about, his own grin wide. He adored this baby daughter.

So life with the Kenedys went on as usual—busy, busy, with Jackie coping with her end of it, and in 1960 the Senator started his campaign for the highest office in the land, that of president. At that time no matter how hard Jackie tried to keep him on a proper diet and getting enough sleep, it just couldn't be done. Even his mother, Rose Kennedy, worried about this. He too often satisfied his hunger with a snack, and this troubled Jackie to the point that she would get up in the middle of the night and prepare quick meals, usually including soup, for him to eat. He loved thick tomato soup with great gobs of cream in it. But no matter how busy and worn he was, he never missed his time with his little daughter.

It amazed a great many people that here was a man so financially secure that he need never have worked at all, but instead, he chose not only to work, but to drive himself mercilessly toward the office of President.

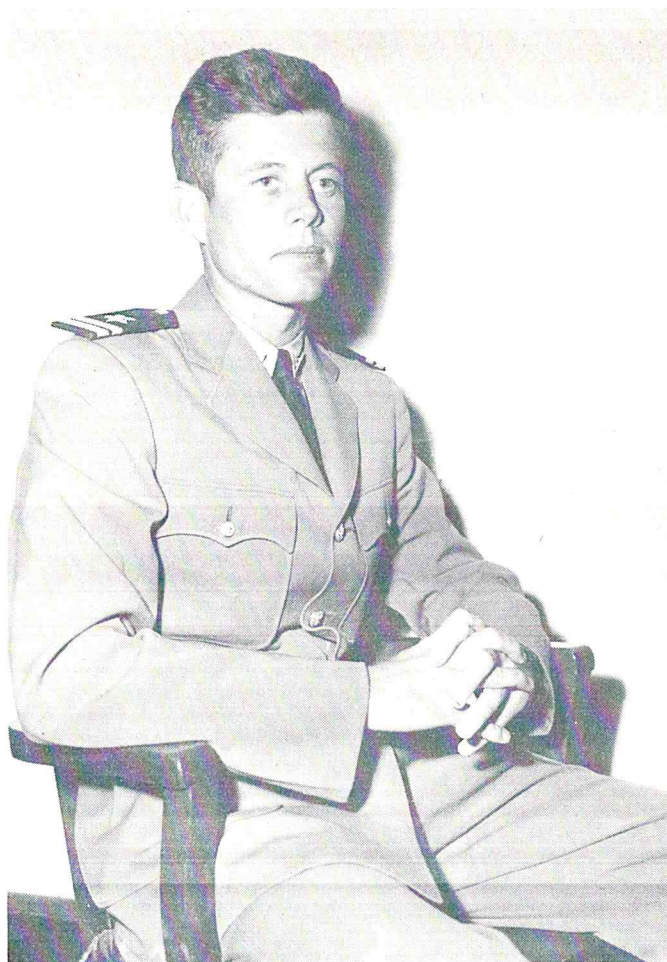
Come summer the Kennedy family and the nurse left for Hyannis Port as was their custom. It was while they were there that the Senator got the Democratic nomination for the presidency, at the Los Angeles Democratic Convention. Naturally it was a time of great excitement at the compound, and in the town for that matter. The Kennedy children—there were so many of them—wore paper hats and carried signs saying, "I like Jack" or "Kennedy."

The Senator came home, weary but beaming, and his neighbors and friends met his plane and carried him shoulder-high in a torchlight parade from the airport to the house of his father. And his father was as thrilled as his son. Then the whooping really started in the family with the adults acting like children in their absolute glee.

Jackie once said of her in-laws, "They're so uninhibited, so full of life and living and every last one of them from the youngest to the oldest (his father) felt his success personally. I have never known such a bubbly marvelous family in my life."

The bands played Irish marches, everyone waved flags and the children cheered, including little Carolyn who was able to watch in the arms of her nannie. She even ran to her Daddy on the

The Navy



Navy Lieutenant John Fitzgerald Kennedy received the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for Extremely Heroic Conduct while commanding a motor PT boat in the Pacific.

porch and gave him a big kiss, and the Senator beamed as if this was the most important moment of all!

The crowds cheered and laughed, but tired Jack said, "I think Caroline could be the greatest vote-getter of all!"

But Jack Kennedy was not home for long. Now began the most tiring and trying part of his campaign. He must travel far and wide to win the election. Many people felt he was too young for such a responsible position. There was too the fact that he was a Catholic and no Catholic had ever managed to become President of the United States. Al Smith tried it in 1928 but failed. It was a challenge and one that caused his mother to comment, "I wonder why. He has enough money so that he need never work in his life." But Jack as well as his brothers and sisters, father and mother, was not cut out to be of the idle rich. His life was going to mean something, something that he would give his all to accomplish.

Jackie could not accompany her husband on his campaign trail, however much she might have wished it, because she was expecting another baby and her health was not too good. She managed though to be up to see him off when he left each morning. She told Maud Shaw, "You know, Miss Shaw, it would absolutely kill me to try to keep up with my husband. Even I don't know how he keeps going day after day."²

But despite the care Jackie had to take, she did everything she could, assisting her mate in any way possible right up to the election. It amazed many that she managed as much as she did—without losing her baby.

The final day, the day which would tell the story of who was to be the President, found the Democratic nominee and family in Hyannis Port. It was typical that he would want to spend that time with his family, all of whom had worked hard for him, prayed for him and were optimistic about his future.

John Kennedy got the news of his victory from his daughter Caroline who saw a strange man on the lawn and asked her nurse who he might be. Miss Shaw realized that he must be a secret service man, and that the President had won.

Maud Shaw reports it this way:

"Caroline came over to the window then and asked who the man was.

"He's a friend of your Daddy's," I told her.

"She nodded unconcerned. 'May I go and see Daddy now?'

"Yes, right away," I said. 'But when you go and wake him up, I want you to give him a nice surprise. Will you go in to him and say, "Good morning, Mr. President," this time?'

Caroline did as she was told—she had waked her Daddy—and he was pleased, of course, but not certain. He asked her nannie, "Am I in, Miss Shaw?"

Miss Shaw assured him he was, but he was still doubtful, studied his watch and said, "Well, I wasn't in the White House for sure at four-thirty this morning."²

By this time he was wide awake and was soon out of bed. He had advised the others to turn on their television sets. In only five minutes, the victory was assured and Senator Kennedy was President Kennedy.

Though exhausted, the members of his family—his brothers, sisters, father and mother as well as nephews and nieces, whooped with joy that day, but all the President-elect had to say was, "Well, there we are then." And this he said to Maud Shaw, who reported it in her book.²

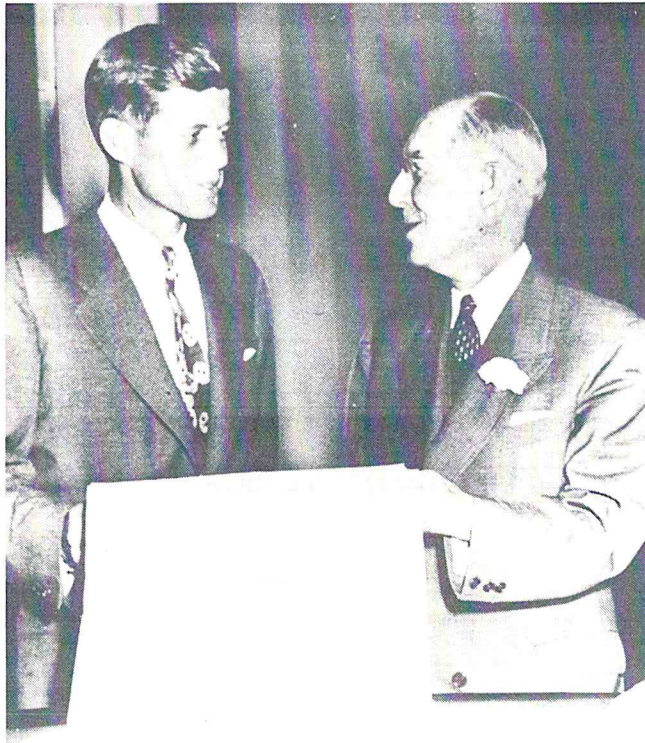
It was his way, but it may also have reflected two other factors—exhaustion and the impossibly heavy and demanding burden he had taken upon himself.

By this time—it was November of 1960—the new president's father was seventy-two, his mother seventy. But since they were both in extremely good health, there were rumors flying all over the country that Joe Kennedy would direct his son's actions in the White House and both the new President and his father agreed that nothing of the sort would happen. The proud father knew his son was equal to the great task ahead of him, and he would pull for him, love him, pray for him, but not direct him. "He has a mind of his own," he said. "And he knows how to use it."

President-elect Kennedy, always gracious, visited the White House—an official courtesy call directly after the election. President Eisenhower, who was his exact opposite in every way, graciously handed over the keys, shook the young man's hand and wished him well. It was then that John Kennedy got the full force of the moment. He had achieved the impossible dream, he, a Catholic, would sit in the office of the highest position in the land. It was a moment of awe and deep realization.

It was to Palm Springs that Jackie, who expected a child before too long, Caroline and her nannie, went at that time. So did the President-

The Young Congressman



John files nomination papers with Secretary of State Frederic W. Cook after announcing his candidacy for Congress from the 11th district (November, 1945).



John became the third generation of the Kennedy family to enter politics when he sought the nomination to Congress. He was 29 at the time.



In a rain of victory confetti, John was off to Congress when he defeated Republican Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., for the office.



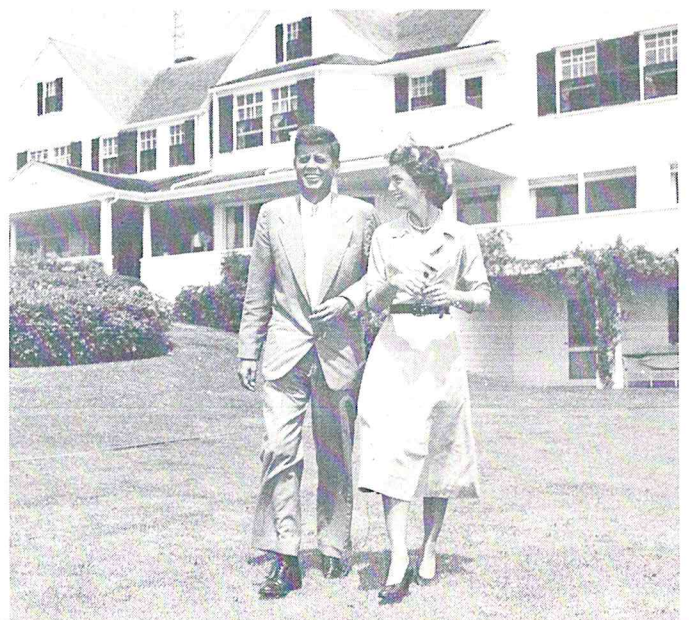
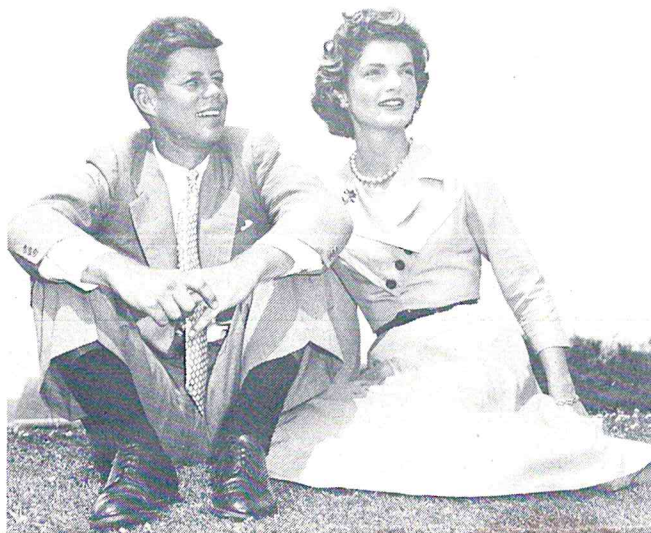
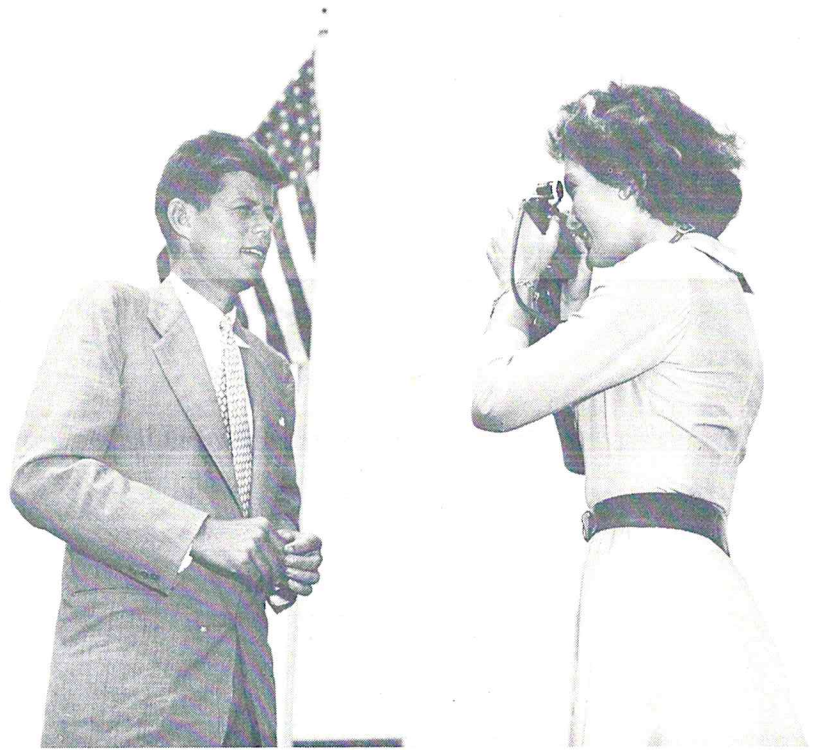
The young congressman from Massachusetts visits with his sister Eunice at the Kennedy apartment in Washington (1947). No matter what paths life took the Kennedys, family togetherness was never neglected. His sisters especially took special care of the bachelor brother.



A Love Story



It was almost love at first sight when John and Jacqueline met. She was a photographer and reporter for the Washington Times Herald and he, a handsome young congressman. They loved each other's company and missed one another when apart. Their romance was destined for marriage from the very beginning and all their friends and family were thrilled by their special love story.



elect, and it was a place of chaos, according to the President's mother, Rose Kennedy.¹

Rose Kennedy loved Jackie. "Jackie and I have been through a chain of life's events together and I still feel the bonds of understanding and love between us as strong as those between Naomi and her daughter-in-law, Ruth."

The election had been a very close one against Richard Nixon and Jack Kennedy had a great deal cut out for him. He must win the people over who had not wanted him in the White House, must show them that he was the man for the job. It was a gigantic challenge and to anyone else it might have been a very frightening one. Somehow he seemed to have the courage, the compassion and the understanding to take on the job. He felt it was his duty and he gave it his all.

Young John made his appearance on November 25, 1960 and it was a rough time for Jackie. Also the baby was not too well and required a great deal of attention. All this—and facing the job of First Lady of the land at the same time. A lesser woman could not have handled it. But Jacqueline Kennedy from the first showed her amazing strength, good taste and ability to be the most charming First Lady one could imagine.

But when the day of the inauguration came, Jackie was up to it. Dressed smartly in a light suit with mink hat and muff, she caught the fancy of the crowds who gathered that cold day for the inauguration of the new President—and they cheered her wildly. It was like an omen of the days to come when this nation and those of Europe were to take her to their hearts.

It would not be long before the women of America would be copying Jackie's hairstyle, trying to imitate her manner of dress. She would be the sweetheart of the nation her husband ruled or directed as President.

Already she had plans for the White House, to work on it, to give it the warmth and the culture she felt it—and the American people—deserved.

The new President and his family—his wife, his three-year-old daughter, Caroline, his new little son, John (they called him John-John from the beginning) now had to move into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, the White House, where they knew too well that everything they did would be open to comment and criticism, that not only the United States of America, but the entire world, would be watching. It was, to put it lightly, a big order!

But Jackie was a well-organized young woman. She knew exactly what she was doing. Fortunately, she regained her health quickly.

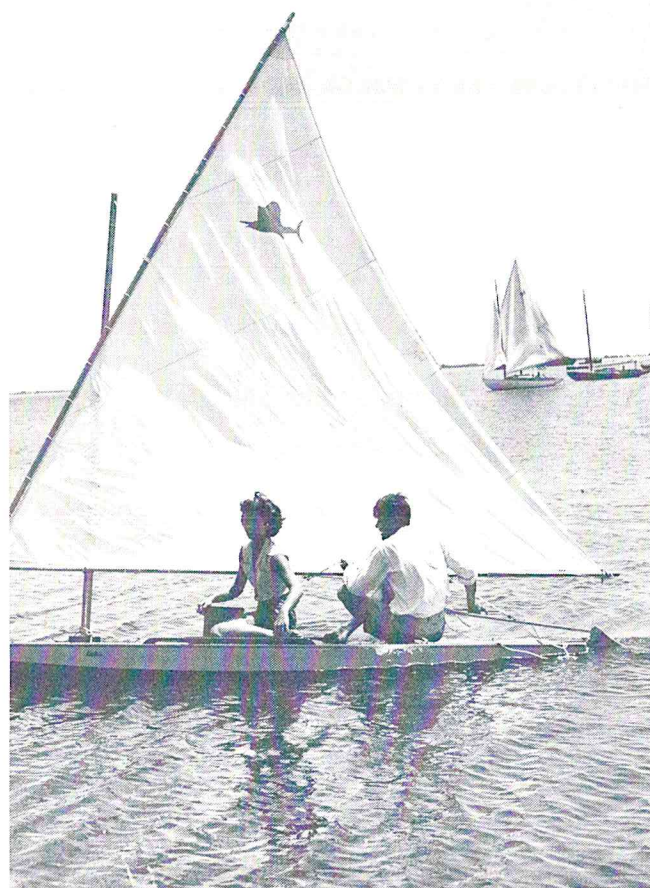
AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILY

Jacqueline and baby, John-John, stayed in Palm Beach through Christmas—when the President joined them—for her to recuperate from the birth of John. She was indeed run down and pale and needed the rest. For that period she had another nurse in to look out for her baby, Mrs. Elsie Phillips, a dear friend of Maud Shaw. There could be no better place than the estate of Joseph Kennedy for a thorough rest for the new First Lady.

But she recovered quickly and was soon back on the job, and after the inauguration, ready to take over in the White House. And immediately she was planning changes—changes that would make the mansion more homey, but would at the same time bring out history.

Jackie, with the help of her staff, searched the basement for long-discarded pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac. She had an eye for what would fit, for what meant something special. The President was exceedingly proud of her for this venture. At the time the American public was not too sure that this slip of a girl—a protected socialite at that—could accomplish such a task. But they waited. And she worked on. There are many reports that Jackie was hurt by the constant criticism of her endeavors, but that she kept it to herself and had the confidence to go ahead with her project.

She did considerable other altering in the White House too, including one of the most ingenious bits ever recorded. She had the dining



A few days after the announcement of their engagement, the handsome young senator and the beautiful reporter-photographer took a holiday at the Kennedy's Cape Cod home. The Kennedy family fell in love with Jacqueline immediately and Jackie adored John's family. It was a romantically beautiful summer, with the wedding in September.

room papered with historical wallpaper which she had acquired by having it peeled from the walls of a house which was being demolished. No one has ever said where or how she got the idea, but you can be sure it was a tricky bit to carry out. It depicted great historic moments in American history, particularly of famous battles. There were scenes of the British Redcoats in the War of Independence, which posed a problem to Miss Shaw, a British citizen and loyal at that, who had to explain to the children what each portrayed and how it affected their own country today.

There was another problem—spots were torn, but Mrs. Kenedy gathered in very clever artists to repair it. And they did such an amazing job that no one would know if not told. This paper completely fascinated the children, who asked endless questions about it. These children, though completely different in personality, were thoughtful and polite, but they insisted that their questions be answered correctly so that they understood completely.

One day they were particularly curious about the Redcoats and Miss Shaw did her very best to explain it to them satisfactorily.

The President could not let this pass, and with his eyes twinkling, he said, "It's tough on you, Miss Shaw, an Englishwoman, having to talk about the outcome of *that* battle." Maud Shaw says, "However, I think I managed to sort out the battle for the children without too much honor being lost on my side!"²

Miss Shaw was Episcopalian and the Kennedys Catholic, but this caused no problem, not even when Miss Shaw's Lord's Prayer was different from the Catholic version. This conscientious lady took it up with the First Lady who smiled and said, "It really doesn't matter at all."

The children's rooms at the White House were given the most minute attention. Caroline's was decorated in pink and white, but something else was added. She had her first canopy bed and a window seat covered in pink brocade. The little girl was thrilled with this room even though it was extremely large and put her a bit in awe of it, particularly at night when she was in bed and it was time for the lights to go out. But it did have lots of room for her scores and scores of toys. One of her favorite dolls was a beautiful big one which had been gifted to her by Madame de Gaulle when the latter made a state visit with her husband, the President of France. Caroline

adored this doll later, but at first she was a bit in awe of it.

Toys were something of a problem to the President and the First Lady since they came in abundance from all over the world and they could not possibly keep all of them. It was the President who decided that only gifts from close friends were to be given to the children, the rest were sent to the Kennedy Foundation Hospital for Children where they were far more needed and deeply appreciated.

Madame de Gaulle also gave Caroline a doll house and other dolls as well as a toy poodle called Tinkerbelle. The dolls were of all colors, shapes and sizes and proved to delight Caroline, particularly on rainy days when she had to stay in. But in nice weather Caroline and John John both were taken out to get the sun, to stroll in the fabulous gardens, to play on the swings, chutes, merry-go-rounds and what have you that were installed for them and their friends and small relatives.

Miss Shaw also took them often to Montrose Park where she ran across other nannies, nurses and governesses with their young charges. The children would play and the ladies converse, but always with a close eye on the little ones.

John John was getting bigger. He'd had a bad start and was too thin and restless. Miss Shaw did something about this by changing his diet and after that, John blossomed and became a healthy child.

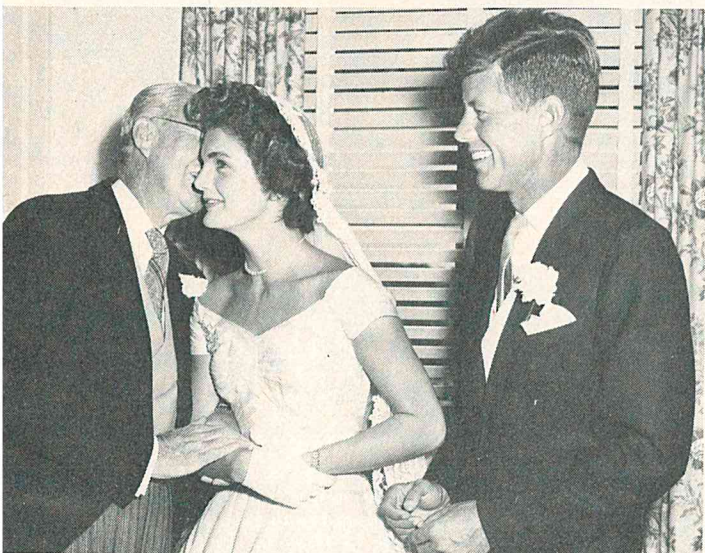
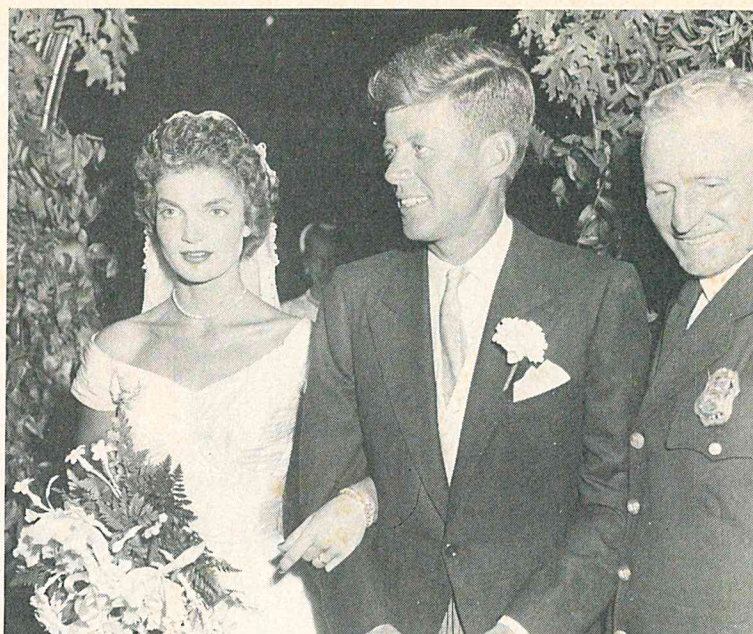
The children were loved by the entire White House staff and could easily have been spoiled had not their mother and father and particularly their nanny watched it.

Caroline was a dreamy child, for the most part, but she did have a habit of wandering about, often out of bounds and required careful watching. It wasn't surprising when one considered her high I.Q. that she should be curious. So was her father! But thanks to the help of everyone in the place—and all of them adored her—Caroline never wandered too far away.

The problem of school for her—actually it was kindergarten—came up. The President and Mrs. Kennedy discussed it at length. He took as much care in plans for his children as he did in everything he attempted. And this was a real problem. Various schemes were considered. A small group of parents who were dear friends of the Kennedys had already started "play" mornings when the children all got together in

The Wedding



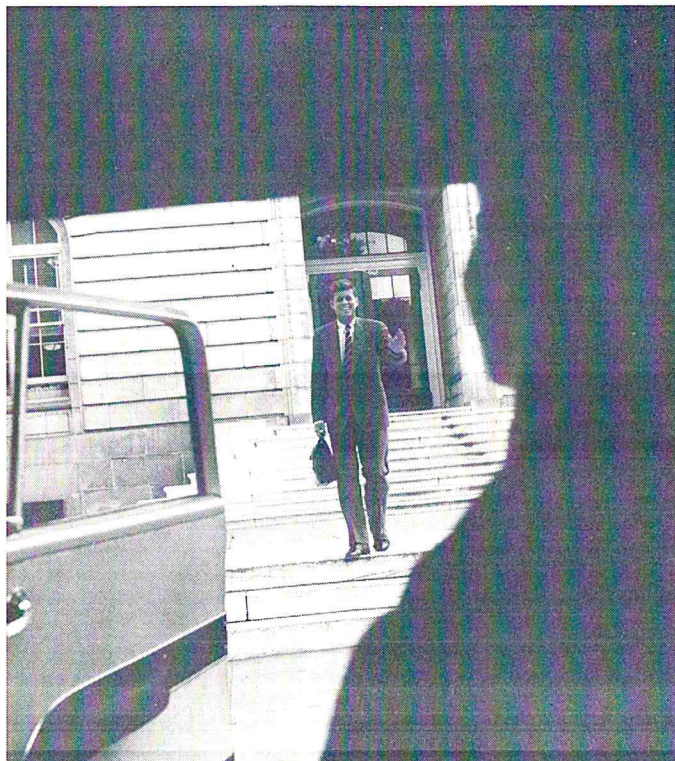


They were married on September 12, 1953 at St. Mary's Church in Newport, R.I. by Archbishop Richard Cushing.

The bride, looking radiantly lovely, was given in marriage by her father. In typical fashion, the bride and groom danced at their wedding reception and cut their wedding cake. Their honeymoon was kept very secret; even the press could not uncover where the happy couple had gone. It was in Acapulco, Mexico that the so-much-in-love newlyweds began their married life.



The Newlynweds



In Washington, the newlyweds lived in Georgetown. While John attended his duties as a busy young Senator, Jackie took courses with other student wives and busied herself with becoming a homemaker. As always the family was close; above Robert's wife, Ethel, joins them for a stroll.

one home or another with either mothers or nannies watching, drinking coffee and chatting. The children adored these sessions, but though they were fun for them, one thing was wrong. They weren't learning anything.

Eventually the ladies worked out a plan which was approved by the President. There would be a small school in the White House. Jacqueline Kennedy, noted for her ability at organization, worked it all out explicitly. The kindergarten school was set up in the third floor solarium which had been President Eisenhower's forte previously—he used it for sunning and general relaxing. Desks were installed, bathroom facilities built in and before too long the little school was ready. It worked out very well.

About twelve to fifteen children attended—aged three-and-a-half years old to four-and-a-half. They were all the children of family friends or embassy people in Washington. It is a real wonder that Caroline was the brightest of all these bright pupils!

Caroline was delighted with the school, but it left John John to himself and this he resented—at first. From the very beginning, perhaps because of the way her parents had explained her new little brother to her, Caroline had no resentment of him. On the contrary, she “mothered” him, which pleased not only her parents and nannie, but the entire White House Staff.

Caroline, like her mother, was an orderly child. She woke up about seven o'clock and ran into her nannie's room to say good morning. Mrs. Shaw says, “It was always delightful to see Caroline at that hour, all sleepy and with tousled hair. She was never too sleepy to chat, though—nothing on earth would stop Caroline from chattering!”² Miss Shaw taught her to dress herself and she managed this, with the exception of her shoes. Here she needed help.

Caroline and Miss Shaw had breakfast together between seven-thirty and eight in the little dinette. Caroline always ate a most hearty breakfast—cereal, eggs, bacon and toast. Her lunch, however, was light.

Another improvement the First Lady made and one that was appreciated by all members of the family, was to have a small kitchen installed near enough to the dining room so that food could be served hot. How many previous presidents and first ladies, not to mention their families and friends, complained about cold food?

It took so eternally long to carry it up to the dining room from the far-off kitchen!

After breakfast Caroline went to visit her mother and father. When John John was a little older he went too, but before that, while he was still a wee one, his parents visited him. The President arose at about the same time as his daughter and could usually be found in the lounge or the dining room of his suite just after eight-fifteen, according to Miss Shaw.

A big moment for Caroline, after she had started school in the solarium, was to go down to the President's office with him, visit with him for a while and at the same time watch for her young friends to arrive for school on the lawn where all of them met and waited in a group, just outside the President's window.

Mrs. Kennedy was also very particular about the food served her family and she detested repetition to the point that at one point when Miss Shaw was trying to discuss it with the chefs, who paid her no heed, Mrs. Kennedy came up behind her and backed her up!

Miss Shaw puts it this way: “During the second week when we had liver served up for dinner for the third time in four days, I decided to tackle the chefs again. It was no good going on like this, because I saw Caroline's nose turn up as that meal was served to her.

“‘Liver!’ she said. ‘Miss Shaw, why do we have to have liver again?’

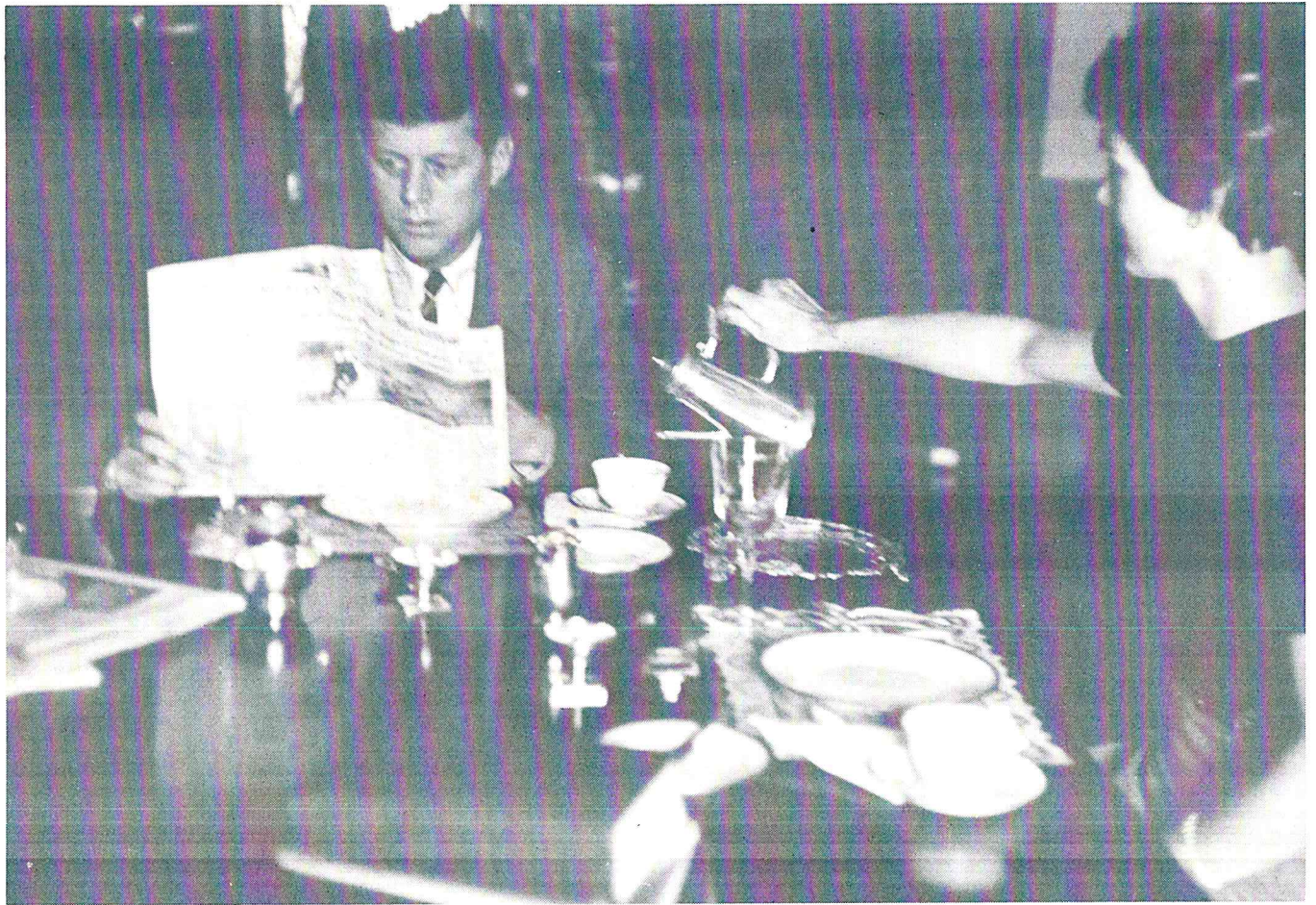
“‘Oh, I expect the cooks made a mistake tonight,’ I said. ‘Anyway, you like liver. Come along, show me you can eat it all up.’”

But the next morning Miss Shaw went to the kitchen to have it out with the chefs. “The head chef was a charming Frenchman, and assisting him were an Italian chef and a Filipino cook. I was greeted by the Italian, and when I told him that I would like him to follow my menu, he simply shrugged and said that there was no need.

“‘But you have sent us liver three times in four days,’ I persisted. ‘I really think you ought to be guided by me.’

“Just then a soft voice behind me said: ‘Quite right, Miss Shaw.’

“I turned and found Mrs. Kennedy standing there, apparently having heard everything that had been said, for she stepped past me and quite clearly told the chef that in the future he would follow the menu I had prepared without question or alteration. I felt a bit embarrassed at having brought Mrs. Kennedy into the discussion, albeit



The never-ending work of politics occupied the young Kennedys at home where John instructed his bride in the intricacies of problems confronting Massachusetts and the nation. Jackie also helped her husband with his mail and general office work.

In the early years of their marriage the couple always had breakfast, and occasionally lunch, together at home. Jackie set their special style of entertaining early in their Georgetown home—a style that was later to mark the Kennedy dinners at the White House as splendid and vivacious affairs. Bobby Kennedy was a frequent visitor to their first home and, as with other guests, the talk was almost always political. Notice the oil painting by John which hung on the dining room wall (photo on opposite page, lower left).







The Kennedy men became well-known for their avid interest in ball playing, especially touch football — there was always a game on weekends at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port. Even during his days as a Senator, John found time to play ball with brother Bobby or anyone else who might want to join in. Senator Mike Mansfield calls the ball and John is the catcher in photo right.

unwittingly, but I was glad too, for it put an end to liver for a few weeks!"²

President Truman paid a visit to the White House one day and this, of course, was an occasion. Miss Shaw recalled that he had got himself into a bit of hot water over the construction of a balcony on the second floor. But she found it a veritable godsend, for from it she could take the children to watch the important people who came and went below. So when former president Truman met Miss Shaw she told him how very much she appreciated his balcony.

"Well, now, Miss Shaw," he said, his eyes twinkling kindly. "I sure am glad *someone* likes it."²

From all reports, young John John seemed very anxious to grow up, to join the other children who came to the White House to school. It was a real treat to him when he was a little older and allowed to attend midmorning recess and play with the young students. He had a special pal in that school and he always ran directly to him. The two would romp and scuffle all over the place. The playground included every conceivable thing for children to enjoy, and with that, a doll house. But it turned out to be little John's downfall. He was racing in and out of the little house with his friend when he stumbled on something and took a terrible tumble. He yelled, of course, but not for long. John John prided himself on being "a man like my daddy." He jumped up and raced away, only to return with a tooth in his hand. Miss Shaw wanted to push the tooth back into his mouth instantly, but there was such a commotion over the event that the dentist wouldn't allow it. He said he might get tetanus! By the time it was taken care of, John John was without a mid-front tooth. It was too late to put it back in.

His parents, of course, were very upset by the whole incident—their son would have a gap in his front teeth long before they started falling out of their own accord.

Miss Shaw reports: ...the President tackled me about it.

"'Miss Shaw,' he asked me that evening, when he came to say goodnight to the children, 'why didn't they put John's tooth back in his gum?'"²

The nannie, of course, explained what had happened, why it could not be done, according to the dentist. She also reports that the President, as always, was most fair about it. And it is more than likely that that missing front tooth bothered his parents far more than it did John John!

The little boy who had had to be placed in an incubator at birth, whose life was so fragile in the beginning, was now a healthy, imaginative, even stubborn child who was the delight of the White House as was his pretty, dreamy-eyed sister, Caroline.

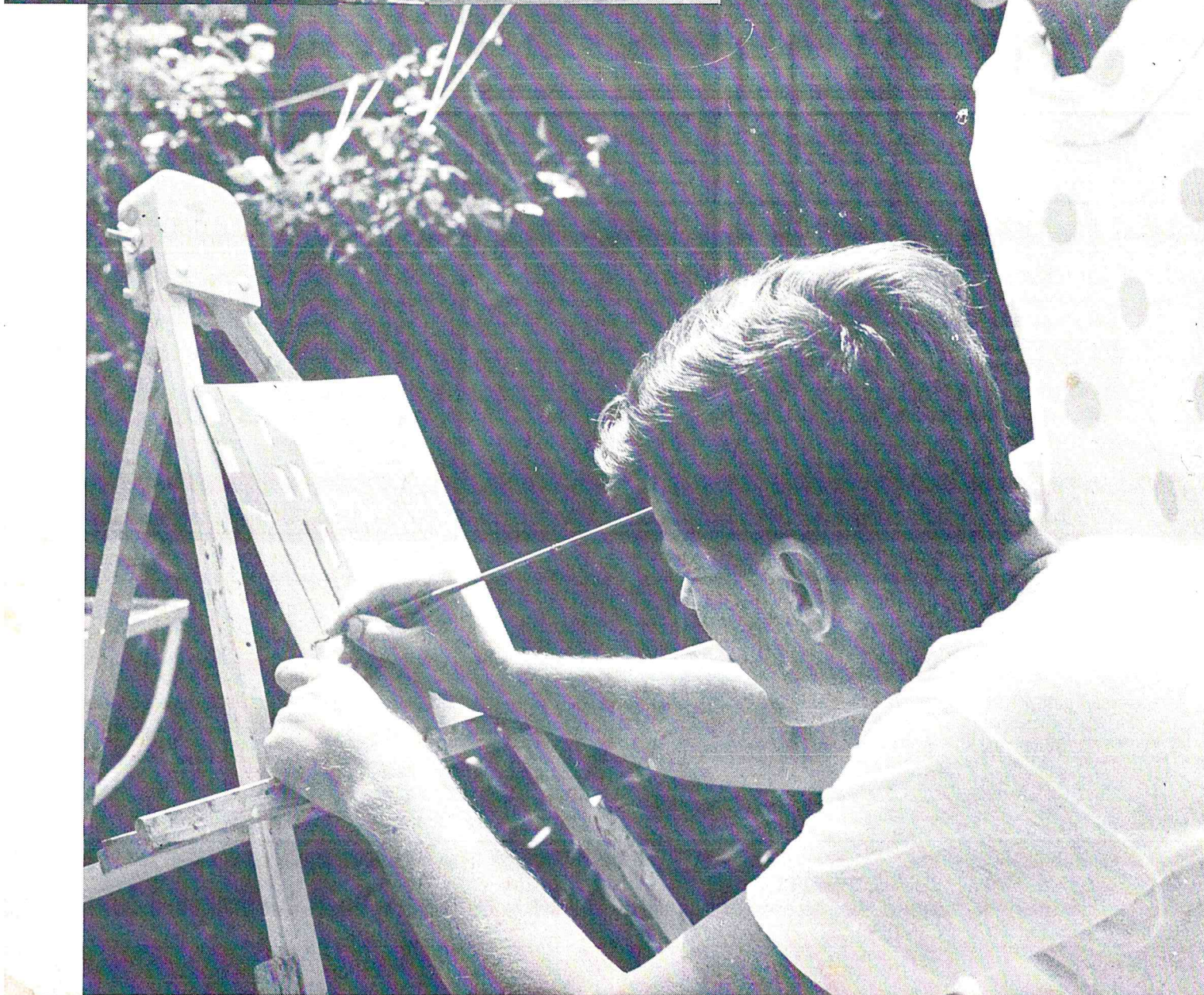
Though the President's mother, Rose, was a frequent visitor at the White House, she always managed to stay in the background because of her good sense. But she has said many times since that one of the most exciting moments of her life was knowing that her son was actually the President of the United States! She reports that "Joe [her husband] was so determined to avoid any appearance of influencing Jack that he did not set foot in the White House except once during the rest of that inaugural year, and even then only for part of a day and evening and at the personal insistence of Jack and Jackie."¹ He was going to make very sure that nobody could ever say that he was trying to help run the country! Perhaps he knew better than anyone else that he had raised his son in such a manner that he was quite capable of doing it himself!

But Rose on her many visits to her son and daughter-in-law had a lovely time and enjoyed reporting "protocol" and just where a mother visiting fits into the scheme of things. She loved every minute of it and said so often.

The President was tremendously proud of his oval office and the way his wife had decorated it to his taste. It had a large oval rug of soft blue-green embossed with the Presidential seal and it covered most of the floor. On the big Victorian desk there was a "hot line" telephone on one side with photos of Caroline and her daddy together. His books lining the walls of the office included many Bibles—old and new testaments—but more personal items, things that stamped it *his* were there too. There was a watercolor painting of Jackie, bits of whale teeth etched with sailing ship designs, his Navy identity card placed in a glass ashtray, and a coconut shell from the Solomons carved with the SOS message that the President had sent by a native messenger back in 1943 as he and other Navy survivors from the wrecked PT-109 hopefully awaited to be rescued.

The desk was a coup in itself and one Jackie might well be proud of. She found it during her search of the White House basement. It was nothing short of magnificent, constructed from timbers of the British warship H.M.S. *Resolute*, which had been presented to President

As a Sunday painter, John completed several landscapes, street scenes and shores. Jackie loved his work on canvas, framed his paintings and hung them in their rooms. But John felt he hadn't sufficient talent to pursue this hobby and eventually quit painting. Also a voracious reader, John turned much of his leisure time over to devouring every type of newspaper, magazine or book. During those leisure-times, Jackie took to her gardening.







Rutherford B. Hayes by Queen Victoria in the year 1878. It was the desk that President Franklin D. Roosevelt had used for his fireside chats on radio. Jackie had had the desk sanded and refinished and then surprised him with it. He went to his office one morning and there it was.

There is an amusing incident about this desk and little John John. The desk had a hinged panel in its side which opened out like a door and little John had not been walking for long before he found that this was a thoroughly delightful place to hide. With his sister Caroline in school, John John was often taken by his father to his office in the morning. The little boy would sneak under the desk and stay quiet (for a short while) as his father discussed business with his various aides. When the little fellow had kept his counsel as long as possible, he'd start scratching and the President would say, "Is there a rabbit in there?" The panel would then swing wide and John John would pop out, making faces, growling, then rolling and screaming with laughter, according to *Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye* by his aides, Kenneth P. O'Donnell, David F. Powers and Joe McCarthy.³

I might add here that it was members of the White House staff who called the Kennedy's young son, John John, and seldom if ever his parents! They did not approve of baby talk and apparently this name was included. The President, however, despite this decision made by himself and his wife, did call Caroline Buttons when she was young. Eventually though he gave it up and used her true name.

Although both these children were exceptionally bright, they did have their naughty spells, a situation Jackie often discussed with her friends who were also mothers of young children.

Mrs. Kennedy did everything in her power to make the lives of her children as normal as possible, but despite this they were quick to catch on to incidents pointing to the importance of their busy family. The helicopter didn't fly down on the grounds for anyone else—an event that caused young John much excitement—until he was left behind and then he was quite apt to have a tantrum.

Caroline embarrassed her parents no end when she asked Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, "Why haven't you any hair?" At another time she sneaked onto a national television interview with her father, dressed in pajamas and wearing a pair of her mother's dress shoes. For the TV

world to see, she tugged at her father's leg and asked him to please tuck her in. The country loved it, even though there were many who believed it was a publicity stunt arranged by her parents or her father's aides! One critic said, "There ought to be a law against lady politicians who are only three years old."

Caroline asked many questions—sometimes most embarrassing ones—and she was often in hot water about this with her parents. Maud Shaw recalls a rather interesting incident, but one that turned out very well.

The Kennedys had a black manservant named George, who was at Hyannis Port most of the time, but often went along to Palm Beach. He was a great favorite of Caroline and he was amazingly patient with her. She used to chat with him endlessly about nothing in particular and he would listen happily (he adored her) and answer her questions or simply nod "yes" or "no" in all the right spots.

Caroline had never before made any comment whatever about his color—until one day in Palm Beach when she was getting a good rich suntan of her own. It occurred to her then that George always stayed the same color.

"George," she said to him, "how did you get that color? I've been in the sun all day and I'm only a bit brown."

"Well, Miss," chuckled George, "I've been lying in the sun all my life, I guess."²

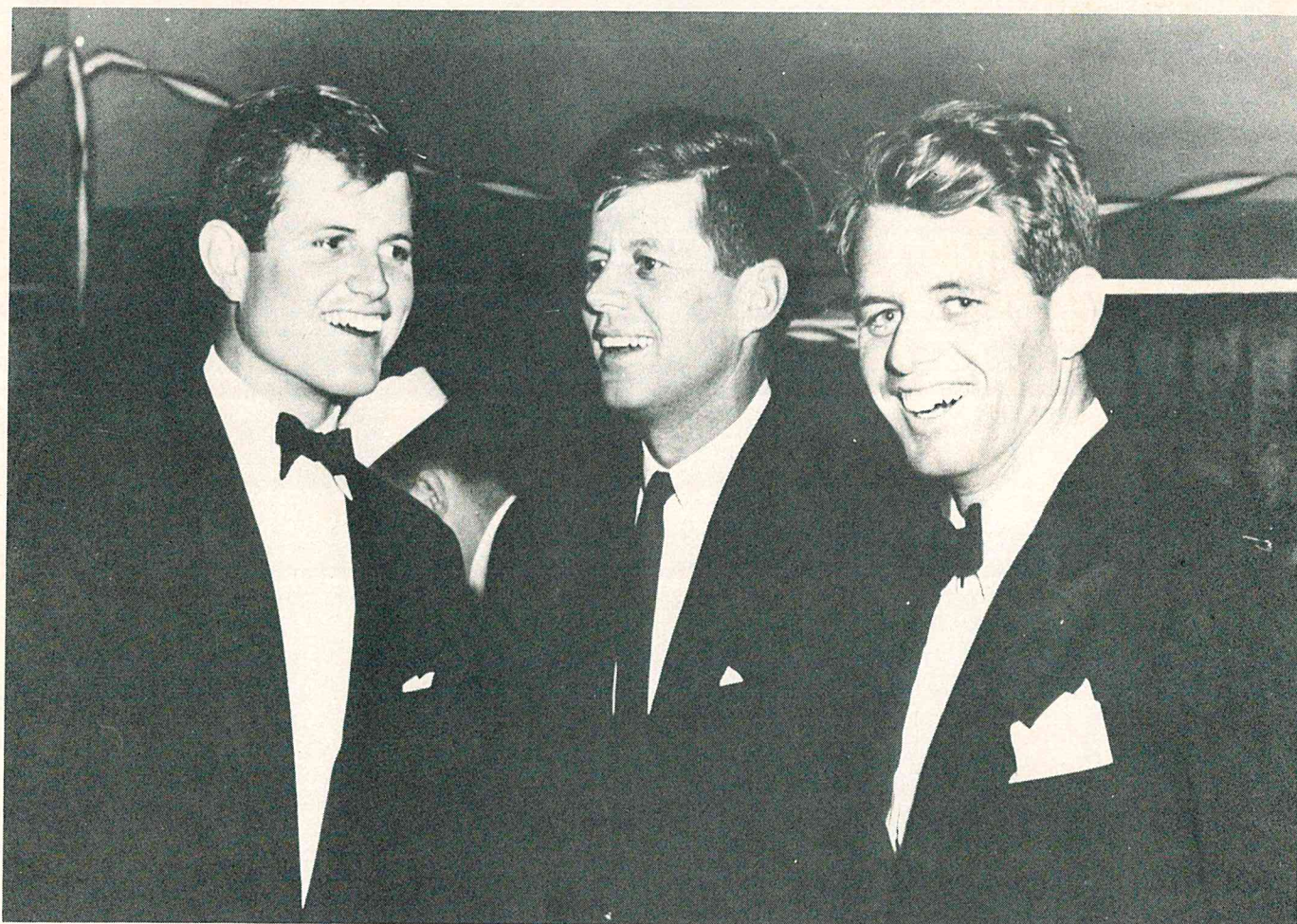
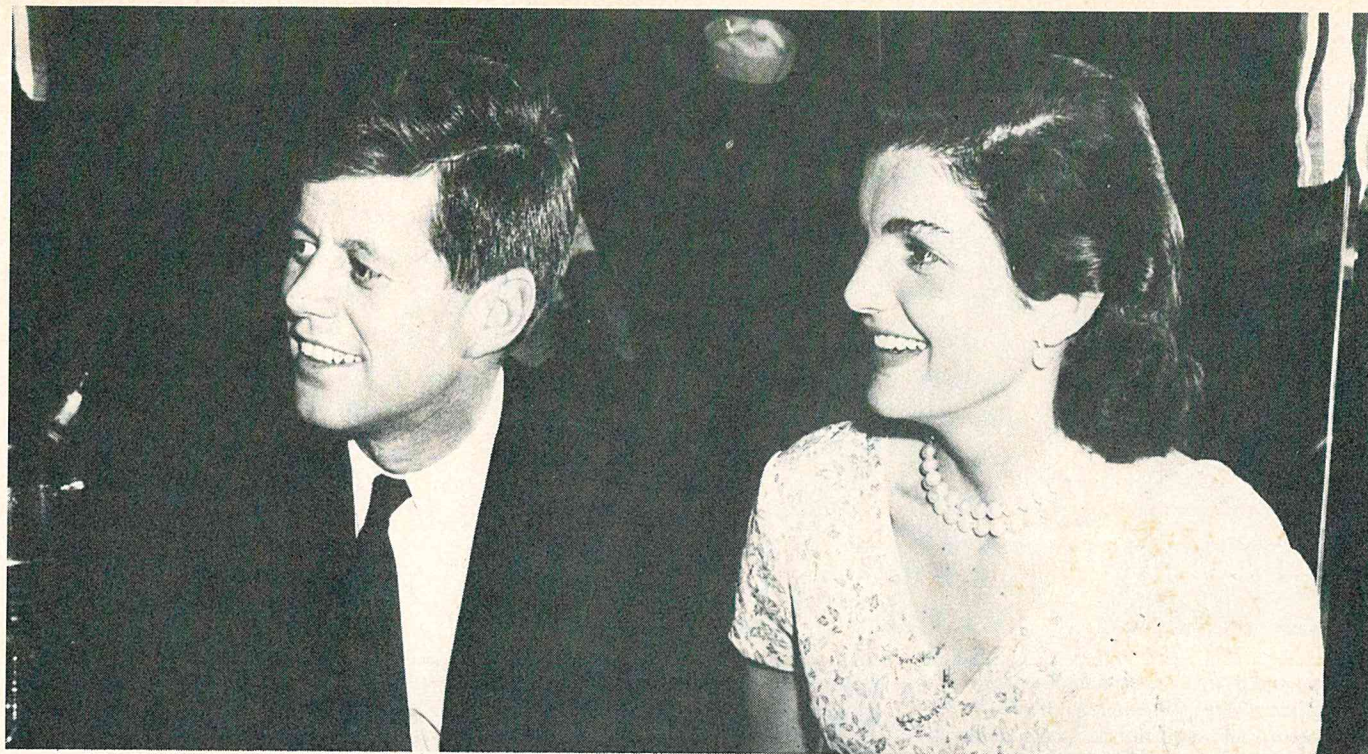
Obviously this satisfied her for she never again broached the subject with him or any other black of her acquaintance.

Caroline, like her mother, loved pets, the more the merrier. Her first pet was a Welsh terrier who was named Charlie, and she adored him. In fact, with the permission—actually enthusiastic at that—of her mother, Caroline and John were allowed many pets at the White House. They actually acquired a menagerie which included Charlie, two hamsters, a canary, a tomcat, two parakeets, a hundred goldfish, thirteen ducks, plus a puppy Caroline received as a gift from Nikita Krushchev. When she was old enough to take up riding, something her mother did with expertise, Caroline acquired her own pony, Macaroni. She and her mother often rode together after that.

It didn't take little John long to catch up with his sister. He caught on fast on how to approach photographers and newsmen. It was not at all unusual, after he learned to talk, for him to approach someone and say proudly, "I'm John

Senator John F. Kennedy





Left, the Senator and his wife return to the Capitol after a long illness in 1955. He had been away from his post since an operation was required to help correct a spinal injury (a result of a World War II injury). The Senator frequently suffered from back problems and very often performed his duties while in great pain. But when the Senator was feeling fit, he enjoyed every possible social activity. He loved taking Jackie to special restaurants and night clubs like New York's Stork Club (above), and very often his brothers and their wives or friends joined them. Also shown at the Stork Club above, Teddy and Bobby join in the merriment of a night out with the popular young Kennedys.



John helped Adlai Stevenson campaign for the Presidency in 1952 (above and right). In 1956, Stevenson again campaigned for the Democratic presidential nomination. During that convention, there was thunderous applause from the convention floor when Senator Kennedy's name was placed in nomination as a possible vice-presidential candidate. It was an historic moment (below); the nation took notice of the Senator during the week-long television proceedings and his unique charisma captured the hearts of millions of Americans. It was a popularity and love that was to sweep the country and, indeed, the world from that moment on.



Fitzgerald Kennedy, Junior." This cracked up the reporters.

Young John, though he liked animals, was not as attached to them as his mother and sister, who, people around them said, would have had so many pets at the White House that there would have been no room for visitors!

Caroline, to the delight of her mother, rode a horse with grace and assurance and a remarkable sense of balance, but then so did her mother even as a very young child. She also loved ballet dancing and she did this with extreme grace. It is quite possible that had she been in another family and had been encouraged to pursue it, she might have become an accomplished ballerina. Her mother was delighted with this, but her father was more impressed with her ability at swimming. Though she learned quickly, she was not anxious at all, in fact, a little afraid of swimming. But with encouragement she tackled it and developed a smooth powerful stroke in the water. Young John, on the other hand, had no fear whatever of water and was quite apt to jump right in with all his clothes on.

Once there came up a very delicate situation regarding young John. His mother wanted his hair to remain long—she said it was the European fashion, but many mothers hate to have their young boy's hair cut—and his father wanted it cut. Miss Shaw was in the middle. She snipped it off a tiny bit, but this did not satisfy the President. Finally with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Miss Shaw, when are you going to cut John's hair?"

"But, sir," she said, "I have cut it, but Mrs. Kennedy..." She stopped before she said too much.

But the President only grinned and said, in a kind of confidential way, "I know, but let's have some of that fringe off. If anyone asks you, it was an order from the President." And he winked.²

There were all sorts of rumors going the rounds, some of them too ridiculous even to mention. They bothered the President and his First Lady—they were bound to—but they became philosophical about it. One of them was a story that the President had been married before and this one actually caused him to lose his temper and say, "Of all the — — nonsense I ever heard of, this is the worst!"

He seldom got annoyed with his children, but there was a time that Maud Shaw recalls when little John caused quite an uproar and one that did not by any means please his father. Miss

Shaw often allowed little John to go up to the Truman balcony and watch the important visitors below. At that time the State visitor was Ben Bella, who was then the President of Algeria. John was very good that day. But the next day there was another visitor, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, and he was to make a speech on the White House lawn. With Caroline off to school, Miss Shaw saw no harm in letting little John watch the excitement from his favorite spot. He was enchanted watching platforms go up, microphones put in place and TV and film cameras being put ready. He was having a great time, dressed up with a couple of six-shooters in his belt and strutting about the Truman balcony. Then one of his toy guns fell from his belt and slipped down the balcony, to drop through the railings and land somewhere in the crowd below. Miss Shaw thought nothing about it and presently decided, before the ceremony began, to take her young charge to Dumbarton Oaks, a beautiful place of gardens where she often took the children.

But that evening was a different story. She learned, to her horror, that the gun John had dropped had been caught by the film cameras and cleverly inserted into a newsreel of the Tito speech, making it appear for all the world as if young John John had been on the balcony through the entire speech and ceremony and had dropped it then, though actually Miss Shaw had taken him away a good half hour before! Of course, the newspapers had a holiday with the picture and said that young John had dropped his gun on Tito's head.

Miss Shaw reports the outcome in *White House Nannie*:

"The following morning, the President called me into his office after Caroline had gone to school.

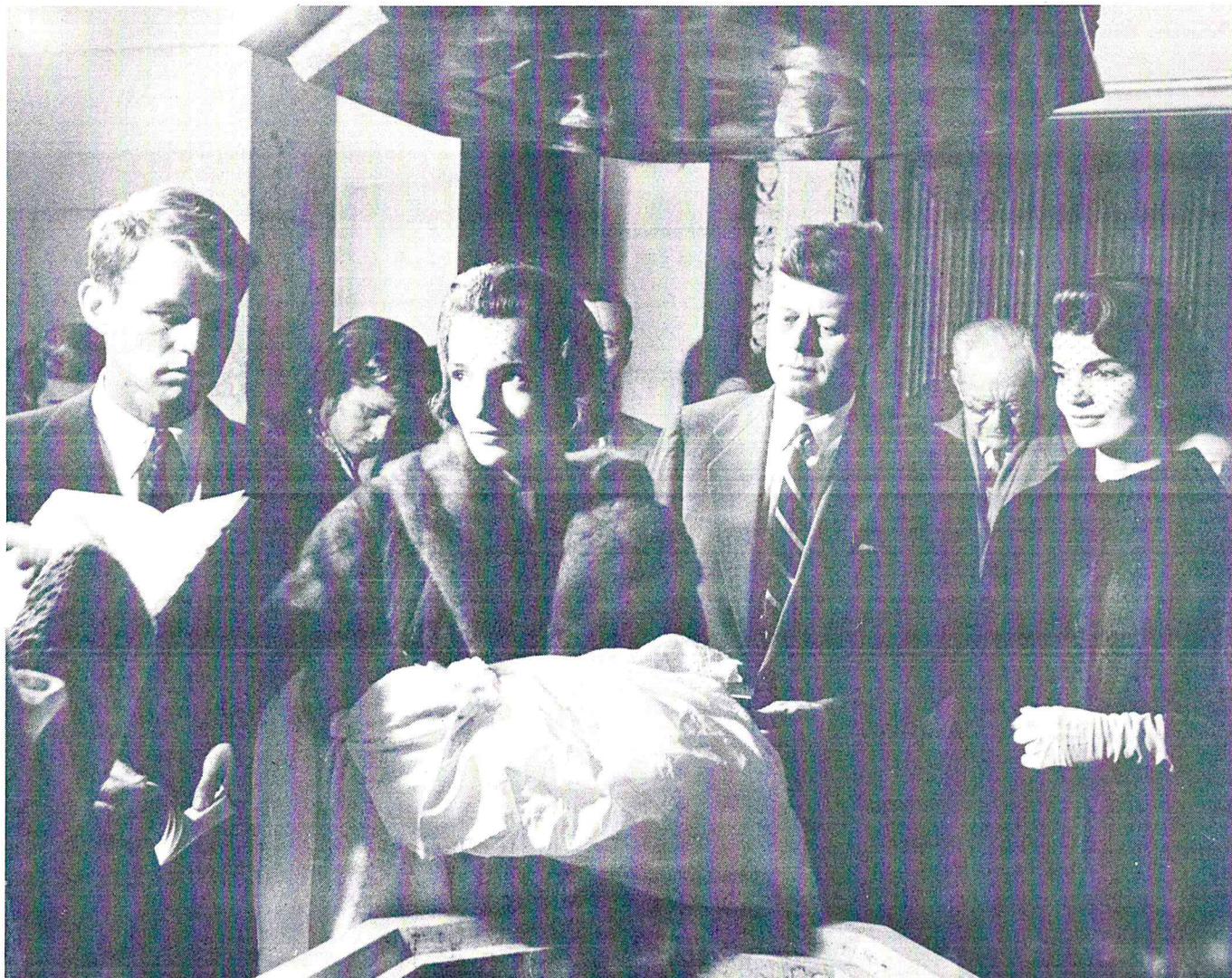
"'Miss Shaw,' he began, 'I thought I asked you to keep John John out of sight yesterday.'

"'Yes, you did, Mr. President,' I said. 'And I did take him away from the White House during the ceremony. I assure you we were at Dumbarton Oaks when he was supposed to be dropping his gun on President Tito's head.'

"'Is that right?' he said in surprise."

She told him he could check with the Secret Service men for the details and he dropped it at that. But one can well imagine that the President had himself a good laugh later—when he had the time to review the whole incident and the complete irony of it.²

Caroline Bouvier Kennedy



A daughter is born—Caroline Bouvier Kennedy.
The scene in St. Patrick's Cathedral as
Archbishop Cushing christens John and Jacqueline's
first-born. Robert Kennedy and Mrs. Michael
Canfield, Jackie's sister, acted as godparents.

JOHN F. KENNEDY—THE MAN

There were so many facets to the personality of President Kennedy that each person who knew him reported some interesting phase of it.

He was capable of switching from the most serious conversation to a lighter one when he would turn the visit into a kind of nineteenth-century court gossip session about prominent people and their private lives. In *Kennedy*, Ted Sorensen comments on this. He often astonished "strangers from all fields with his curiosity about the personalities and politics of their professions, his knowledge of high and low goings-on, and his willingness to spend time in lighthearted conversation. He found time in 1963 to plan a surprise birth party for Dave Powers and to attend one the staff had planned for him."

He had a rare gift whereby he could be friendly with his staff, and enjoy an unusual rapport without being buddy-buddy. And one thing he never was, and that was patronizing. Though the people close to him never forgot for a moment that the burden was on his shoulders, that he was the chief, they could enjoy him and were often surprised at the questions he asked them—and not to be polite either. He wanted and waited for an answer. If anyone from any walk of life was in his presence and spoke of something that the President didn't understand, he was never afraid to ask and continue to ask until he had a clear picture of what was being discussed.

Ted Sorensen was a special counsel to President Kennedy and as a result got to know him and his family very well. "He liked the job, he thrived on its pressures. Disappointments only made him more determined," Mr. Sorensen says.⁴ He recalls only one time when the President became bitter and it lasted but a few minutes. "It was a few minutes before he was to go on the air with his Cuban missile speech, and the Congressional leaders whom he called in for briefings had presented a thousand objections and no new suggestions. More weary from their wrangling than his own week of deliberations, he remarked to me in disgust as he changed clothes for TV, 'If they want this— — — job, they can have it.'"

Only a few minutes later, however, the President's mood had completely changed. He was once again full of the old drive and determination and that always special quality of his, a delightful sense of humor.

Sorensen speaks of giving the President a letter from his eight-year-old son, Eric, who wrote

that he liked the White House and would like to live there someday. This was a letter the President answered quickly, saying, "So do I... sorry, Eric, you'll have to wait your turn."

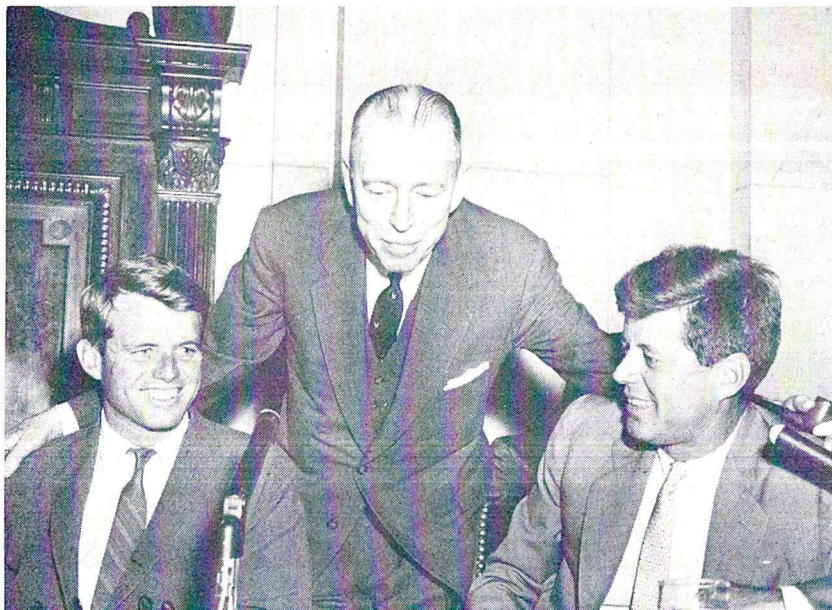
Sorensen reports of a time when the President was asked at a press conference, in reference to his brother Teddy's comment on the unattractive burdens of the office, "whether, if you had to do it over again, you would work for the Presidency and whether you can recommend the job to others." He replied, "Well, the answer... (to) the first is yes, and (to) the second is no. I don't recommend it to others—at least for a while." He always made it clear that come what might, he loved being President of the United States.

He had a great deal of difficulty with his back—there was a time when Jackie herself acted as his nurse, it was so painful. The injury was further aggravated when he planted a tree in a Canadian city in May of 1961. It was so serious it required his cancelling several appointments and walking on crutches for a while. But he never talked about the pain, only became quieter. He commented that the pain he felt changed often. "It depends," he said, "on the weather—political and otherwise."

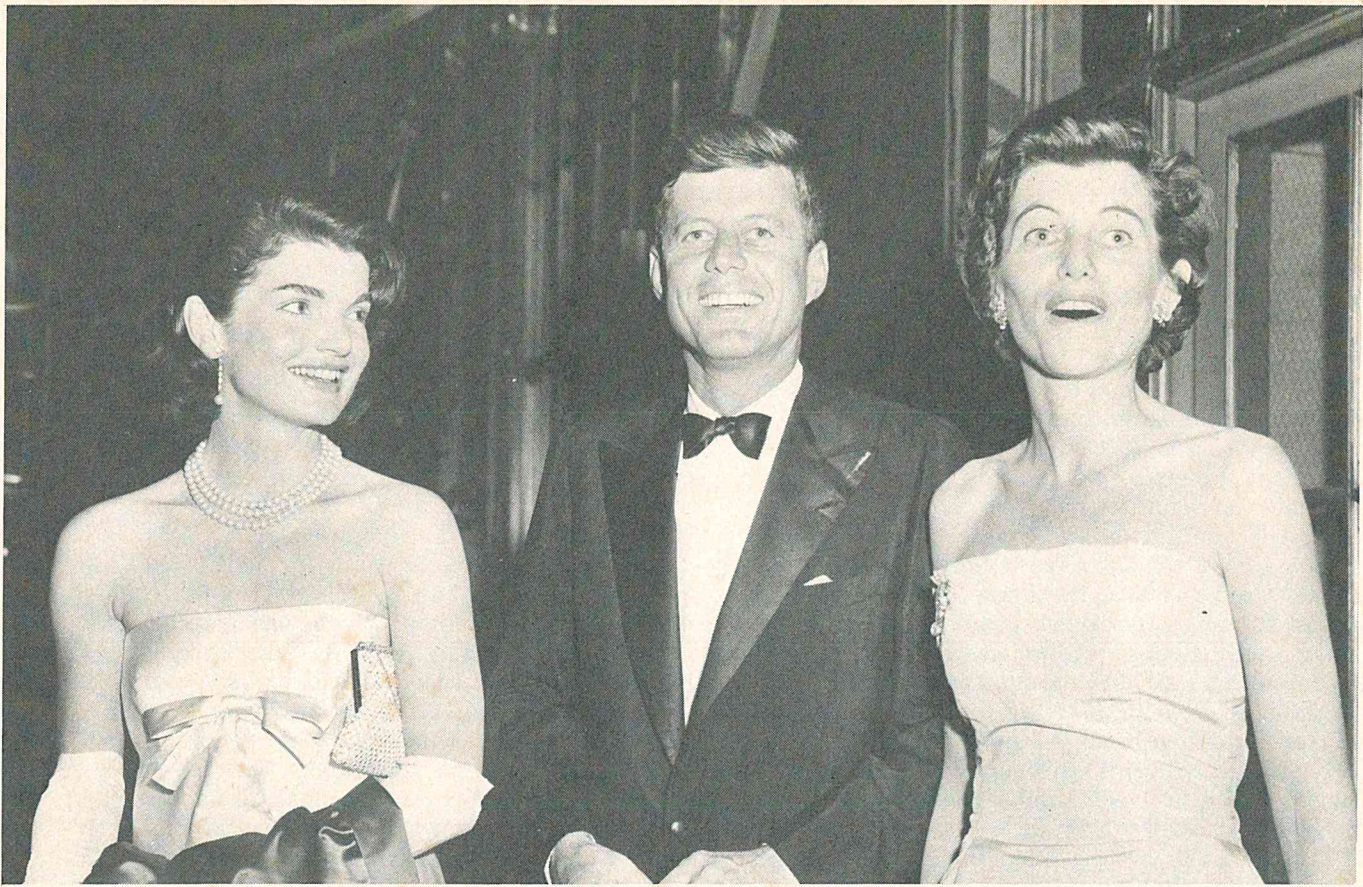
It is interesting to note that on a plane returning from a barnstorming tour of Europe in 1963 he told Ted Sorensen that his back was better than ever and speculated that giving vent to all his energies and feelings in some forty speeches in ten days had relieved the tension.⁴ Many men practice a sense of humor to the point that it becomes their own gimmick and they rely upon it. But President Kennedy did not. His sense of humor was inborn, a natural part of him. He never deliberately said something to cause people to laugh—except possibly when making political speeches—but that humor bubbled close to the surface at all times. He had the wonderful faculty for seeing the funny side of a situation—if there were one. And sometimes even when there wasn't.

John Kennedy had a gift for making his surroundings stimulating, but he also had great peace of mind. Ted Sorensen talks of this side of him. "The tall French windows opened onto the completely renovated flower garden of which he was inordinately proud. Even on gloomy days the light pouring in through those windows on the blue rug and freshly painted cream-colored walls bathed his ash splint rocking chair and two beige couches, brought in for more friendly talks, in a quiet glow. He tried the fireplace only once and

His Growing Popularity



The Senator received the Doctor of Laws hood when he spoke to the graduating class of Northwestern University. His subject was: "It's Your America Now" (top photo). With Bobby, John checks notes during a break in Senate Labor Committee meeting (above) and chats with Senator Irving Ives and Bobby during Senate Rackets Committee meeting (left).



The John Kennedys were a plus to any social event in Washington—they were a couple every party-giver wanted to have on their guest list. Above, the Senator and Jackie pose with his sister, Eunice (Mrs. Sergeant Shriver) at the April in Paris Ball. Below John joins brothers Teddy and Bobby at a banquet of Washington's famed Gridiron Club.



to his embarrassment, promptly filled the entire West Wing with smoke. (I rushed in offering to save George Washington's portrait.)"⁴

A New York friend of his once said that President Kennedy would have to live several lifetimes to acquire all the knowledge he so anxiously sought. At the time he went after the nomination of the Democratic party for President of the United States, he knew little or nothing about farming. In earlier years he cared little about agriculture, conservation and natural resources. But all this changed as he himself did. "I think he grew up, starting with his junior year in Harvard," one friend comments. Another said, "He started then but with each year he not only learned more, he had found thousands of things he *had* to know more about."

By 1961 he was indeed a different man. Sorensen recalls that "during the preconvention campaign days, after a rainy day inspection of a farm near Columbus, Nebraska, he told his luncheon audience that the town banker had informed him of the bank's basic rule: 'Lend no money to a man who's never had mud on his face and manure on his shoes.' 'Today,'" said the man from Boston, "I can qualify for a loan."

Whatever the occasion, he seemed able to meet it, to cope. He was addressing the 1961 graduating class of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and in a cheerful mood despite the fact that his associates were sure his back was troubling him. Just the same he was ready and Ted Sorensen reports the speech, or at least part of it, that he gave the graduates: "I have had some slight contact with this service, though I never did reach the state of professional and physical perfection where I could hope that anyone would ever mistake me for an Annapolis graduate... I know you are constantly warned... not to mix... in politics. I should point out, however... that my rapid rise from a reserve lieutenant of uncertain standing to Commander in Chief has been because I did not follow that very good advice."

The President's work habits differed from other men who had preceded him in the White House. He got up about 7:30 A.M., read the morning papers—he was a very fast reader—and sometimes even made a few telephone calls about something he'd read. He then had his bath—in a tub—where he also shaved to save time. He got to breakfast at about 8:45, with the family if they were available, but alone if not. Once or twice a week, however, he breakfasted with aides or

legislative leaders or anyone else of importance that he might desire the time for conversation. This made it possible to get to his office somewhere between nine and 9:30 where he checked his mail and, according to Sorensen, read a three-thousand word CIA briefing and plunged into the day's round of conferences.⁴

Sorensen also recalls an incident that the President told to him in relation to something else. He told the story, which was factual, with humor. It was a day at Cape Cod when he sat handicapped by his bad back in the eye of a New England hurricane. The only two people present had been a servant who was drunk and a chauffeur who was absolutely furious at the servant. While they raged—chasing each other, threatening mayhem, the Senator sat alone with his crutches in the eerie still air while the fury of nature swirled around him—and he wondered if he would survive.

He found himself up against a situation almost as terrifying in 1961. And that was the Bay of Pigs, which turned out to be his most serious political error. John Fischer in *Harper's Magazine* wrote: "Every president needs about twelve months to get his executive team organized, to feel his way into the vast and dangerous machinery of the bureaucracy... while Kennedy was still trying to move in the furniture, in effect, he found the roof falling in and the doors blowing off."

There were so many angles to this particular event, so much gloom over the fact that Cuba, only ninety miles from the shores of this country, was Soviet controlled, that Washington, as well as the entire nation, was in a state of gloom. And the President acted too quickly. It is true that the invasion had been planned by his predecessor, President Eisenhower, but when a member of his staff later went on television and blamed the former president, John F. Kennedy called him to task. It was, he said emphatically, his own fault and no one else's.

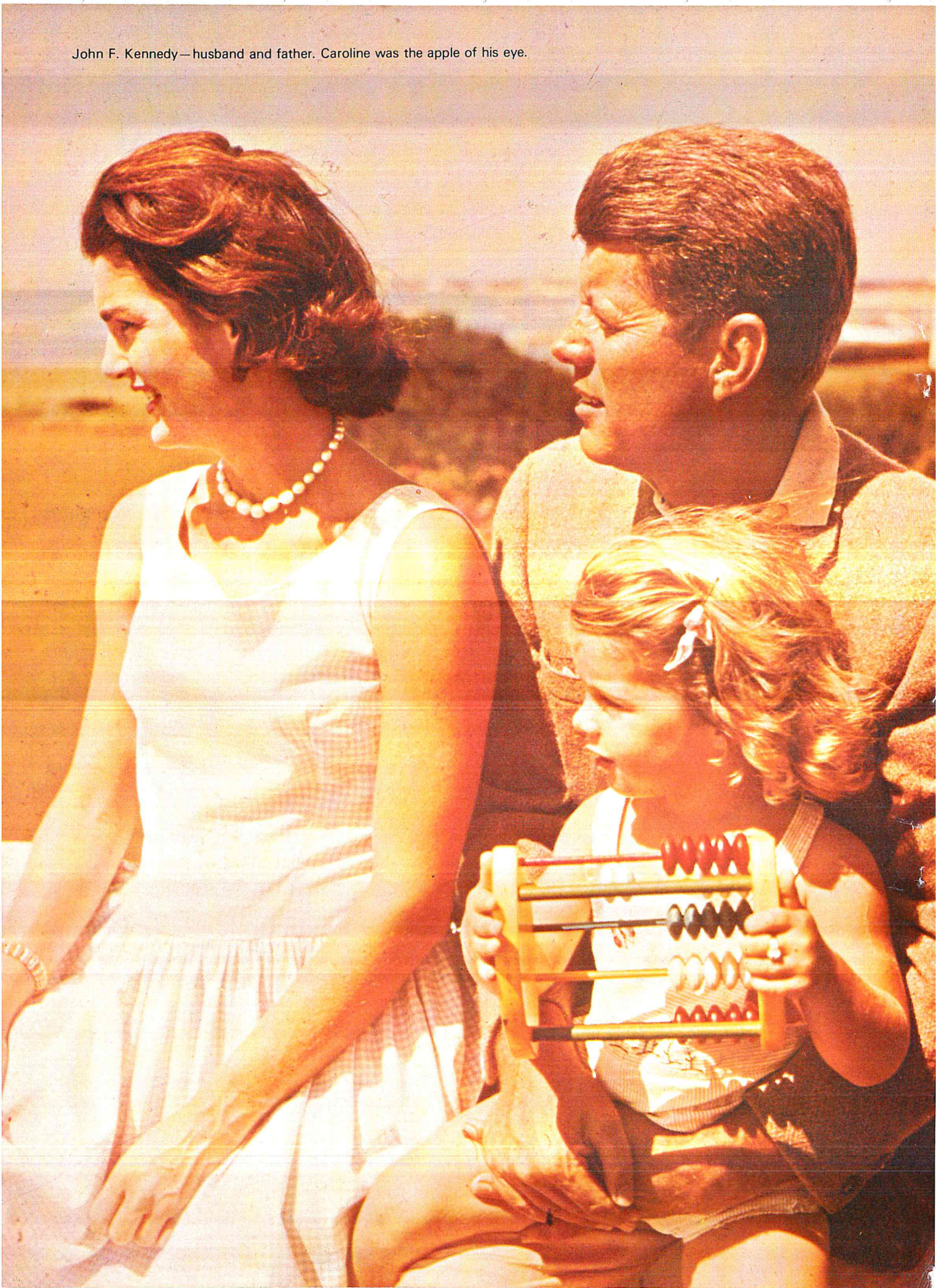
There was too much confusion to go into at great length, but for some reason the allies inside Cuba were not informed as the President thought they would be, of the time of their action and the result—on April 19th—was complete failure. Fidel Castro completely flattened that band of U.S.-supported Cuban exiles who had such high hopes of freeing their homeland.

President Kennedy is quoted as saying at a press conference: "There's an old saying that victory has a hundred fathers and defeat is an



Inauguration of John F. Kennedy, our 35th President.

John F. Kennedy—husband and father. Caroline was the apple of his eye.



There was always time for
Daddy or Mommy to read a story.



President and Mrs. Kennedy at the christening of John Jr.





"Ask not what your country can do for you...
Ask what you can do for your country."

One brief shining moment of *Camelot*.



orphan." Schlesinger asked him later where he had gotten the highly appropriate line. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's just an old saying."³ Those close to him did extensive research to find the alleged old saying, but they found nothing at all like it and came to the conclusion that it was his own and that nobody before him ever spoke those extremely wise words.

President Kennedy had made a big mistake, but he had also grown sharper and more determined that no such fiasco would ever smear his country and his name again.

The President worked on an average of forty-five to fifty-five hours a week in his office, and it was not at all surprising to find him there late at night. He loved movies—the whole group did, and they often ran films which he dropped in to watch for a few minutes, then returned to his office, coming back to join the crowd afterward.

His favorite movie was *Bad Day At Black Rock* and when he met Robert Ryan, who played a villain in it to Spencer Tracy's hero, he told him so. Ryan was so taken with the casualness, the simple approach, that he didn't know just what to say. Jack Kennedy knew how to relax, but he knew better how to work and he put himself into it with every ounce of his concentration and strength. It was a constant cause of worry to his wife that he was apt to get so involved, particularly when travelling, that he existed on snacks, skipping real meals most of the time.

In his pictures he always looked young and boyish, but in person he showed his age more pronouncedly. His hair was graying and he was getting wrinkles, particularly around his eyes. His wife often begged him to slow down, but it was no use. She commented on this later. "He lived at such a pace because he wished to know it all." He did take a two-hour lunch, however, and he broke the schedule with a dip in the pool, whether or not there was time. It refreshed him and helped his back where pain was always recurring.

The temperature in the pool was maintained at about 90 degrees, and usually one or the other of his staff was with him so that he could use this time to ask questions and get answers. Or he might, according to Ted Sorensen, drop politics and indulge in harmless gossip.

Under the First Lady's direction the White

House was fast becoming a showplace and artistic people of accomplishment were as welcome there as statesmen. Ted Sorensen reports that it was also, cracked the President, "becoming a sort of eating place for artists. But *they* never ask *us* out." Sorensen also reports: "At a dinner honoring American Nobel Prize winners, their first official recognition by our government, he announced: 'This is the most extraordinary collection of talent... that has ever been gathered together at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone.'"⁴

There was the day that Linus Pauling exerted himself to attract attention to his cause. He picketed the White House. He may have thought that in this manner he would ruffle the President, but he was wrong. According to Sorensen, JFK merely congratulated Pauling on expressing his opinions so strongly, "and the First Lady chided him that Caroline had asked, 'What has Daddy done now?'"⁴

Jacqueline had gone right ahead with her plans to preserve the greatness of the White House for posterity. She got legislation from Congress which put the White House under the National Park Service, and this allowed her to remove unneeded objects to be stored or exhibited in the Smithsonian Institution. This in turn prevented the loss of anything valuable or oversight of any heirloom. Jackie went about this project like the pro she was, appointing a Fine Arts Committee of experts to advise her. Most of these appointees were Republicans which she cared not a fig about. She wanted knowledge and she was not doing favors, but rather collecting a group of people who knew what they were talking about. And she listened to their advice. It is quite likely that she had learned this from her husband, but at the same time true that she was smart enough to know it already and simply combined new facts of knowledge with those already there.

She made other very radical changes too. She redecorated the Red, Green and Blue rooms of the mansion, saw that warm glowing fires burned in the fireplaces and vases of colorful flowers were scattered about. The result—the White House, which had once been coldly formal, was now warm and intimate. The President was delighted even though he was a bit nervous when his wife redid the Olive Room in white. "I like it," he said, "if you can get away with it." She did.

A Shakespeare company performed at the

Campaigning For The Presidency





In his campaign for the presidency, the young Senator and his wife captured the hearts of voters everywhere. People lined the streets and gathered in crowds everywhere for a chance to meet the handsome Kennedy and, possibly, to shake his hand. The American public had never before known such a young, dynamic candidate—a young political couple with whom they could identify. Jackie joined her husband on the campaign trail whenever possible and together won the people's hearts, votes—and election.





The campaign trail took John Kennedy across the country and back, talking with every class of people—the young autograph seekers (above, top); the steelworkers (right); through cities large and small (where one enthusiastic supporter even tossed him a bunch of bananas (above). And who will ever forget his famous TV debate with the Republican candidate Richard Nixon (supporters cheer him as he enters the television studio for first debate (upper right). John loved his campaign duties because he truly loved getting out and meeting the people on a one-to-one basis.

White House (the first since 1910), a ballet troupe, opera stars, a musical comedy company, all appeared. Even Frederick March, the film star, read from Hemingway and Isaac Stern, Igor Stravinsky and Pablo Cassals (it was his first visit to the White House since Teddy Roosevelt's day) all performed graciously for the President, his First Lady and their guests.

Throughout the nation the word was getting about that we not only had a President who knew his way around in politics, but culture as well. And Jacqueline, whose clothes were always exotic to say the least, was getting her own due.

The President was not an opera fan—he far preferred musical comedy, even maudlin Irish songs like *Heart of My Heart*, but his curiosity got the better of him and he would appear at operatic and ballet performances even though he would very soon slip quietly out. He did become interested in French furniture—no doubt through his wife—but he always left this sort of decision to her. He had a great collection of records which were show tunes such as *Camelot*, that both he and his wife loved, as well as romantic ballads and Irish sing alongs. Once he even had a Boston singer come to the White House to sing *Danny Boy*, another of his favorites.

Sports were a different matter. He loved them and truly enjoyed shaking hands with famous athletes and having a word with them. He

shocked a visitor who discovered that he had a book written by Abel Green, who was editor of the show business trade paper, *Variety*. When, with a bit of shock, the visitor asked if the book was there perhaps by mistake, Mr. President punned, "Don't you think a President is entitled to variety?"⁴

He read volumes—and he could do it because he read so fast—with history, biography, current affairs being his preferences. Ted Sorensen reports that he often read aloud to Caroline and his wife, and he was known to quote poetry, but only a few lines, in speeches. But he too had his escape. Long ago President Franklin Roosevelt read murder mysteries for escape. So did President Kennedy, but he preferred Ian Fleming and his James Bond with exaggerated and fantastic escapades. After the Bay of Pigs, the President was heard to ask, "Why couldn't this have happened to James Bond?"

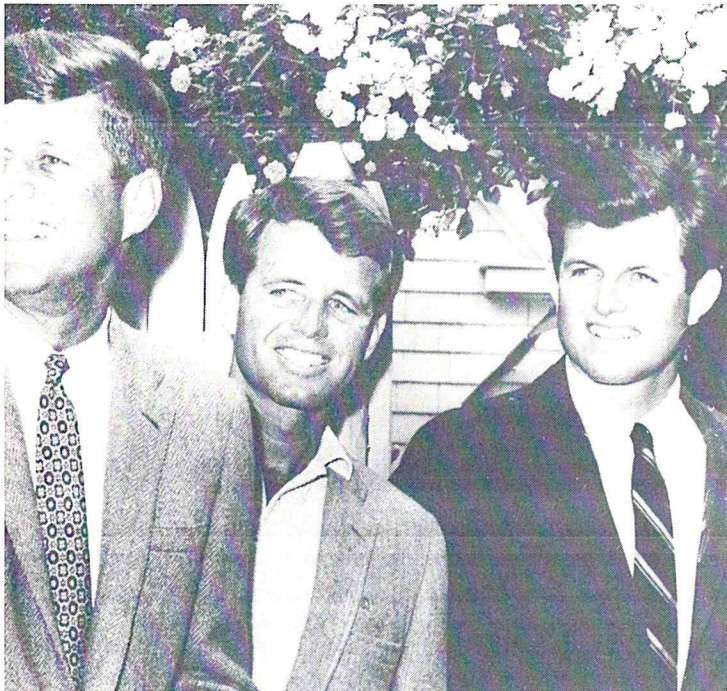
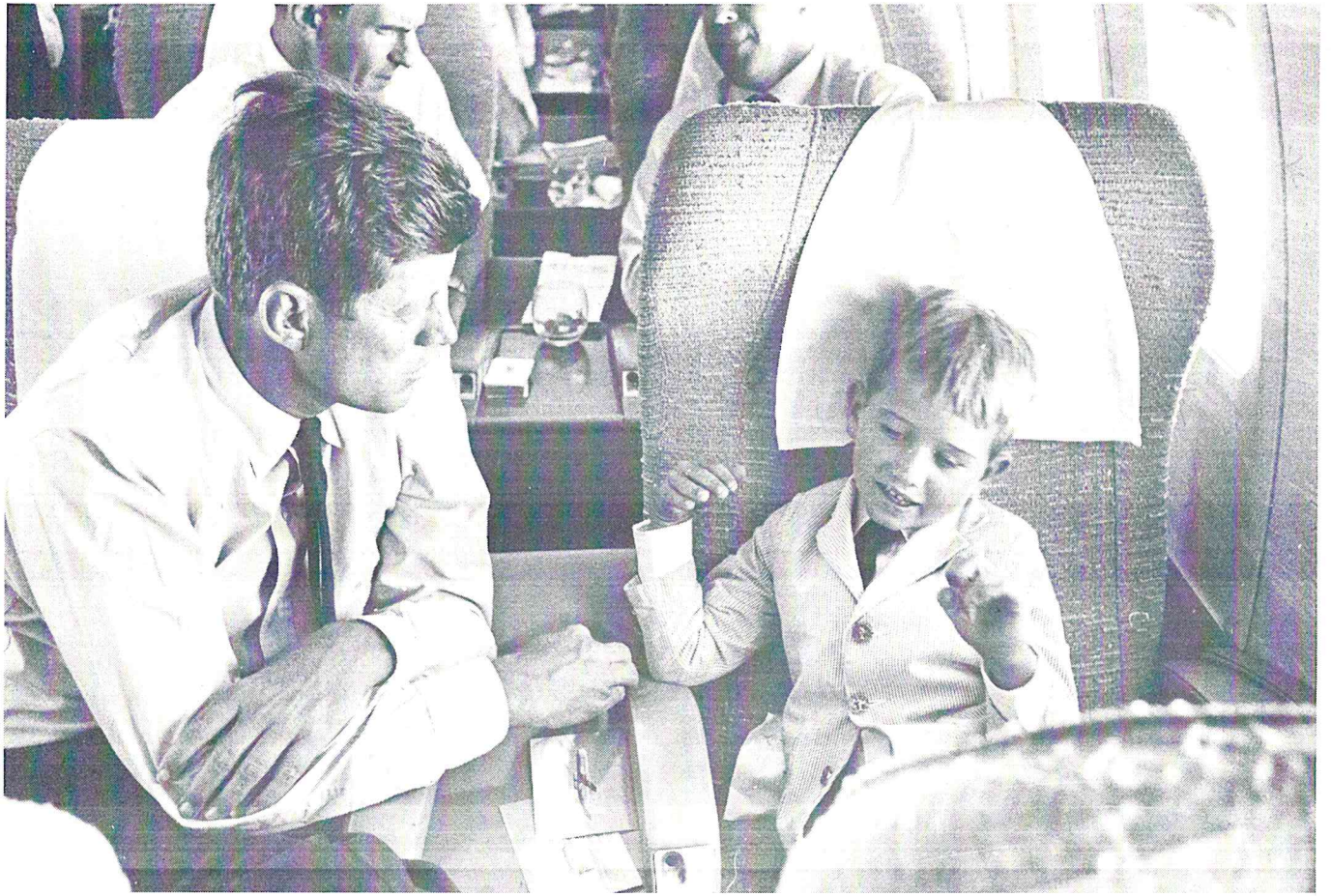
But even though he had said it as a pun, variety was the spice of his life. He eagerly met and talked with the Jerome Robbins dance group, was fascinated with Carl Sandburg, discussed his fighting technique with heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson and gossiped about Hollywood people with Frank Sinatra. Whether he appreciated an artist's specialty, one thing was certain—he appreciated the artist.

THE MAN AND HIS JOB

One of the causes President Kennedy worked hardest at was civil rights and this caused quite an eruption in the southern states. Six hundred U.S. marshals were sent to Alabama to protect the Freedom Riders, shaming Southern governors and other officials into enforcing law and order, and saw that suits were brought against police officials and Klansmen who were interfering with the law and allowing violence against travelers. He initiated action before the Interstate Commerce Commission, according to Sorensen.⁴ He worked at this with a vehemence that was typical of him, and in 1962, toward the end of the year, enforced desegregation in interstate trans-

portation: a black person could travel for the very first time from one side of the country to the other, from north to south, anywhere he chose on bus, train or plane. And he could do this with no "White" or "Negro" signs in waiting rooms or anywhere else.

The next step the President took in that direction was in voting rights. Mr. Sorensen says it this way in *Kennedy*: "He was convinced that enfranchising the Negroes in the South—where less than ten percent were registered in many counties, compared to two-thirds of the Negroes in the North—could in time dramatically alter the intransigence of Southern political leaders on all other civil rights measures, shift the balance



All of the Kennedys campaigned with John; the family was always among his greatest supporters. Above, he takes a moment to talk about airplanes with his nephew, Bobby Kennedy, Jr. His brothers Teddy and Bobby were with him every step of the way to the White House; sister Patricia joins the campaign (r).



of political power in several states, and immunize Southern politics from the demagogue whose only campaign cry was 'Nigger!' Later he was to realize that gaining the vote could not go far enough fast enough to remove a century of accumulated wrongs. But it was an important start."⁴

There was, too, the lighter side of his life in the White House and one of these was a trip to Europe with his wife. She had become by this time quite a campaigner, a tactful ambassador. And she was adored abroad as she was in her own country by the greater share of the nation.

It was after the Bay of Pigs disaster and the President still ached with guilt over it, that he was urged to go to a ceremony at the Orange Bowl. Some of his advisors strongly urged him not to go, but his brother Bobby took the opposite tack and insisted that he go, that he accept the invitation. He felt it would ease the President's guilt to enter rebel territory. He didn't always listen to Bobby, but this time he did, and he took Jackie with him. She made a speech in Spanish in which she praised the bravery of the members of the brigade and the crowd went wild cheering her. Though JFK himself said the wrong thing then—that he was with them in looking forward to a free Havana—it went over with the crowd. And gorgeous Jackie did her share too. What could have been a complete disaster came out right. His aides, who had not wanted him to go, had to admit that brother Bobby had been right.

The First Lady, whose maiden name had been Bouvier, was proud of her French blood—she inherited it from her dashing father, Jack Bouvier, who visited the Kennedys often, got on famously with the President because they had a great deal in common in sports, and was always welcome there.

Naturally she would accompany her husband to France and it turned out to be one of the most exciting trips the two had, as well as highly successful politically. At the time they went the President was suffering extreme pain in his back—this was not too long after his visit to Canada and planting that tree which had thrown him way off. He was in fearful pain and was advised to use crutches. But he would have none of that! No matter how painful it was, he stood straight and smiled.

They went last to London, where they visited Lee Radziwell, her husband, Stash, and their new baby, but that was not the prime reason for the

British stop. They had gone there to see Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and give him a report of their encounter with De Gaulle. If Jackie had her head in the clouds, it was no wonder. Her reception by the French, and particularly by De Gaulle himself, had been almost too fantastic to believe.

The French had wanted to take her over completely, and had she allowed it, they would have had her spending her time promoting French dressmaking and wine. Meantime, the Russians were in Vienna and worried because it was beginning to look to them that the Kennedys were going to completely dim the visit of Nikita Krushchev, who was in Vienna. The President and his Lady travelled in style, arriving by plane and then joining a cavalcade into the city. This thoroughly outshone Krushchev, which caused a great commotion with the Russians. They objected, but it fell on deaf ears. The plan proceeded. They wanted the President to put a wreath on the grave of an unknown soldier, who, for all he knew, was a Nazi. On the advice of his aides he refused and went to Stephan's Cathedral instead where, it was reported, he would pray for the soul of the unknown soldier instead!

There was much fussing about the choice of an interpreter for the President. This was an important move and everybody knew it. The wrong interpreter can turn the whole meeting into a discussion between himself and De Gaulle. Finally, though, with the help of his marvelous aides, President and Mrs. Kennedy had an interpreter who would do right by them. During all this time the President was in acute physical pain, but he smiled, no doubt chewed his tongue and kept it to himself. His wife knew it, of course, but that only made her try that much harder to get the meetings off on the right foot. She had her charm and she used it. But then from the moment they put foot on French soil, Jackie was a favorite with the crowds and the dignitaries as well. Every time he had a minute to spare, JFK headed for a soaking in a bathtub to help his back. He always had the water as steaming hot as he could bear it.

More than a million people lined the streets to watch Jack and Jackie come into Paris and they cheered wildly. The pair were taken to the Quai d'Orsay where the French government houses visiting dignitaries. Jack's bathtub was plated in gold, tremendous in size. Jackie's was just like it, but in silver. Despite his pain, the President found time to joke, to say, "We'd better get one

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr.



President-elect John F. Kennedy is a proud father as he escorts Jackie and his infant son home from Georgetown Hospital in the above photo. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr. was baptized December 8, 1960 at Georgetown Hospital chapel by Father Martin Casey of Holy Trinity Church. Mrs. Charles L. Bartlett served as godmother and Mr. Bartlett acted as proxy for the godfather, Prince Stanislaw Radziwill (husband of Jackie's sister, Lee).



just like this at home." Or possibly he wasn't joking. The apartments—one for each of them—were palatial and fitting for America's First Family.

"That first day in Paris, all of us in the President's party were invited to an official luncheon at Elysee Palace, where General De Gaulle was so busy talking in French with Jackie about the history of France that he hardly touched the magnificent food."³ He was so enchanted with the First Lady that he could not seem to take his eyes from her, and this pleased Jack immensely, even though he was in terrible pain. He was proud of his wife.

"Your wife knows more French history than any Frenchwoman," De Gaulle told the President, thus adding to Kennedy's pride. But at the same table was someone else who was not pleased at all. That was Madame Herve Alphand, the wife of the French Ambassador to the United States. She had a reputation for being the most sophisticated, chic and lovely woman in the government set and she was doing her utmost to attract all the attention, particularly that of General De Gaulle. But unfortunately for her, not only the General but every other man in the room was paying full attention to our First Lady!

Jackie continued to catch the spotlight of attention at dinner that night. It was a spectacular formal dinner for the Kennedys at the Elysee. She was the sweetheart of the French government and as a result did a great deal in establishing and promoting a good feeling with the French. She was being every bit as much of a diplomat as if she had carried such a title. And she did it with such charm and grace that it is no wonder that many reported that the ailing President fell in love with his wife all over again!

The remark he made, he meant. "I was the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris." She had really accomplished more than the President could have on his own—or any other man, for that matter. Not only did she enchant the French leader, but the people of his nation as well. Her style and her charm gave all the French people a warmer feeling toward the United States, and it was a real coup because the French had not felt too kindly toward us for some time. They had not got on well at all with either President Roosevelt or President Eisenhower.

Kennedy was, of course, highly pleased by all this, as we've said before, but he was also interested in De Gaulle. "De Gaulle, as a historical celebrity, naturally fascinated

Kennedy. During the few days they spent together, Kennedy asked him a great many personal questions about his past experience and his opinions of Adenauer, Krushchev and Macmillan. De Gaulle answered with frankness that astonished the French experts in our State Department."³

One of the questions which De Gaulle answered forthwith referred to Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt. Which one did he think was the better statesman? De Gaulle replied that they were both great wartime leaders, but they had been outfoxed by Stalin at Yalta. Then De Gaulle told JFK: "I had no disagreements with Roosevelt, but I never liked him." He went on to point out (Kennedy knew he had never been an admirer of the British) that Great Britain never had an outstanding Prime Minister in modern times who was a pure-blooded Englishman. To the French, this could be very important.

"Disraeli was a Jew," he said. "Lloyd George was a Welshman, Churchill and Macmillan had American mothers."³

The French leader added to his comments that Krushchev was a big bluffer. All in all, it was a most satisfactory meeting for the President of the United States and he had a feeling, when he left De Gaulle, that this austere gentleman liked him too and adored his wife. Perhaps he approved of President Kennedy himself being full-blooded Irish even though he was America's leading patriot!

President Kennedy invited De Gaulle to visit them in this country, preferably Cape Cod which he always far preferred to Florida. And the General agreed that he would pay that visit—perhaps in 1964.

Meeting Krushchev was an entirely different matter. The President had read everything he could find on the Russian Premier and he was, as always, very curious. But he was also on his toes. The meeting came about and the President could not keep his eyes from the stocky Russian leader. They shook hands and then posed for photographers who would naturally appear on the steps of the American Embassy in Vienna. JFK was very natural in his greeting, saying only, "How are you? I'm glad to see you." He then stepped back and studied Krushchev carefully, going over him from head to foot, for several minutes. Naturally the blustery premier became nervous, looked at Kennedy, tried to smile and then burst forth with a comment, in Russian naturally, to his comrade, Andrei

The Inauguration



The inauguration of John F. Kennedy was the social event of Washington and, indeed, of the nation. Millions of people watched the event on television. A touching moment took place when poet Robert Frost paused during his recitation to put on his glasses; that evening, the Inaugural Ball was a glittering celebration at which John and Jacqueline took their place as American "royalty." It was the beginning of the "Camelot" years for them and for the many millions of Kennedy watchers everywhere.

Gromyko, who was with him. One could not help but feel that Krushchev was a bit upset.

The Russian Premier was out of sorts—there was no doubt about that. Even in the rain in Vienna, people were out to cheer the United States President and his Lady, not Nikita. It annoyed the Russian no end.

Krushchev then reminded Kennedy and the group that he had met our President before, in 1959, at a meeting of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in Washington. "I remember you said that I looked young to be a Senator," Kennedy remarked, "but I've aged a lot since then." Krushchev said he had seen to it that Nixon had lost the Presidential election in 1960 by refusing to release Gary Powers, the imprisoned U-2 pilot, before the election. If Krushchev had released Powers before the election, he said, Kennedy would have lost the Presidency by at least 200,000 votes. "Don't spread that story around," Kennedy said to Krushchev. "If you tell everybody that you like me better than Nixon, I'll be ruined at home."³

The conversation went on with the Premier asking how Kennedy liked Gromyko. It was a surprising question, but the President told him he liked him all right, that his wife, Jackie, thought he had a nice smile. But why did he ask? One can imagine that Kennedy thought this wasted curiosity, he who was a past master at questioning.

But Krushchev had a reason after all. "A lot of people think that Gromyko looks like Nixon," he said.

The conversation then went into serious and troubling directions and they got right down to brass tacks. But our President was a match for him. He gave as strongly as he received, sometimes overstepping Krushchev. The Russian Premier said later that he left Vienna with a respect for Kennedy's reasoning and firmness. Kennedy had a precisely formulated opinion on every subject.

The Russian Premier got so angry that he shouted all sorts of threats while Kennedy listened, no expression on his face showing anger, though he doubtless was very angry. Krushchev wanted all of Germany and threatened war. Kennedy's anger, his friends felt, was not at anything in the world but the stupidity of the Russian's attack. But he got the final word in when he said quietly that if Krushchev carried out all his threats it would be a very cold winter.

He no doubt remembered what De Gaulle had told him—that the Russian was a bluffer.

But it was indeed a troubling and serious time for the President of the United States and his people as well.

There was one thing that our President noticed about Mr. Krushchev that gave him a strong clue to the man's character. He could not take the blame for anything. When the President asked point blank of Krushchev, "Do you ever admit a mistake?" Krushchev replied, "In a speech before the Twentieth Party Congress, I admitted all of Stalin's mistakes."

"Those were Stalin's mistakes," Kennedy said. "Not your mistakes."

Krushchev was not about to admit ever having himself made one. It does give quite a picture into a man's character. Or it may be more the picture of the nation the man represents and the fact that it can be fatal to make a mistake, let alone admit it!

Krushchev could change character—on the surface, at least—and at the Austrian President's state dinner which took place at the Schonbrunn Palace, he was seated next to our First Lady. He joked with her all evening—as if he hadn't a care in the world. Jackie went along with it. That was politics.

Despite their disagreements, Kennedy and Krushchev made out far better than either suspected at the time. The Premier wrote JFK a friendly letter informing him that he was sending him a model of an American whaler which they had discussed during their time together. The model was made of walrus tusk and whalebone and was carved from memory by a talented, self-taught Chuktchi craftsman. There was more about the model, as well as discussion of a puppy, a direct descendant of Strelka, space-traveler which made a trip in a space ship on August 19, 1960 and successfully returned to earth.

There was more of the letter—all very polite, almost friendly—and it was obvious that our President had won the respect of the Russian Premier.³

Much to her embarrassment, Jackie had to admit to her husband and his aides after a fluffy little dog arrived, that she had indeed said she'd like to have such a dog. "But," she said blushing, "I was only trying to make conversation."

The dog was most welcome and soon became a delightful member of the White House animal kingdom and as Caroline might have said, "She

To The White House



The new President and his First Lady wave to the crowds cheering them on inauguration day. This official portrait (right) includes the parents of the President and was taken at their Hyannis Port home—the Kennedy compound.



didn't show any signs of being a communist at all!"

There was all the difficulties in Cuba and the Russians' plans of setting up a missile site there. These were deeply troubled times for the White House and the President got more gray hairs. He wrote Krushchev a letter. "The one thing that has most concerned me has been the possibility that your government would not correctly understand the will and the determination of the United States in any given situation, since I have not assumed that you or any other sane man would, in this nuclear age, deliberately plunge the world into war which it is crystal clear no country could win and which could only result in catastrophic consequences to the whole world, including the aggressor."³

The next day the President was back in high good spirits. His aides felt that he expected, or at least might have, that Mr. Krushchev would answer immediately by declaring that they would close down access routes to West Berlin, or failing that, to bomb our Jupiter missiles in Turkey. It did not help matters any when word came that at least twenty-five Soviet ships and a few submarines, all of them possibly nuclear-armed were heading toward Cuba.

Krushchev's reply to the President's letter came that night and he angrily informed our Chief that any interference with Soviet ships would be stupid and that they then would be forced "to take measures which we deem necessary and adequate to protect our rights."

The President knew too well at this point that he was walking on very thin ice and that the wrong decision on his part could bring about tragic nuclear war. They all awaited word from the Navy. All expected war. The President telephoned his wife who, with the children, was at Glen Ora, and asked her to return home immediately.

Tension ruled in the White House and everyone was on tinkerhooks. About that time a messenger arrived and gave a note to John McCone. He read it, then said, "Mr. President, we have a preliminary report which indicates that some of the Russian ships are stopping."³

Dean Rusk was sitting beside the President and he said, "We're eyeball to eyeball, and I think the other fellow just blinked."

This remark lightened the tension in the room and brought forth nervous laughter because Rusk had never been known to say humorous things. The Russians were also turning some of their

ships back. It became evident that Wednesday morning that the United States had reached and successfully passed the real climax of the Cuban crisis. The President had drawn a line across the Atlantic ocean and had literally challenged Krushchev to cross it. But he backed down. Hadn't De Gaulle said he was a bluffer? The President though was furious when he discovered that many of the naval officers were disappointed—that they were hoping they might bomb Russia's ships. He sent a strict set of orders to the *Essex*, our ship under the command of Admiral George W. Anderson, that none of Russia's ships outside the blockade interception were to be bothered.

For the next three days the tension continued, but on Thursday Kennedy let a Russian oil tanker, the *Bucharest* go through the blockade without having it boarded and searched. The captain of this ship assured the Americans that he had no weapons, only petroleum.

"When the Soviet-chartered Liberty ship freighter *Maracta* approached the blockade line on Friday, one of the destroyers that stopped it happened, by pure coincidence, to be the *Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr.*, the Navy ship named after the President's older brother who had died heroically in World War II, and on which Bobby had served as a seaman."³

The President simply shook his head and said he was sure everybody would think it was done deliberately, "to give our family some publicity."

It was about this time that Adlai Stevenson showed his true colors. He took the Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations to task in true attorney-in-court fashion. Ambassador Valerian Zorin resented it, and tried to deny photographic evidence that proved there were missile sites. Angrily Zorin shouted, "I am not in an American courtroom, and therefore I do not wish to answer a question that is put to me in the fashion in which a prosecutor puts questions." Stevenson said, "You are in the courtroom of world opinion right now and you can answer yes or no."

The President watched this exchange on television and shook his head, saying he never knew Adlai had it in him. "Too bad he didn't show some of this steam in the 1956 campaign,"³

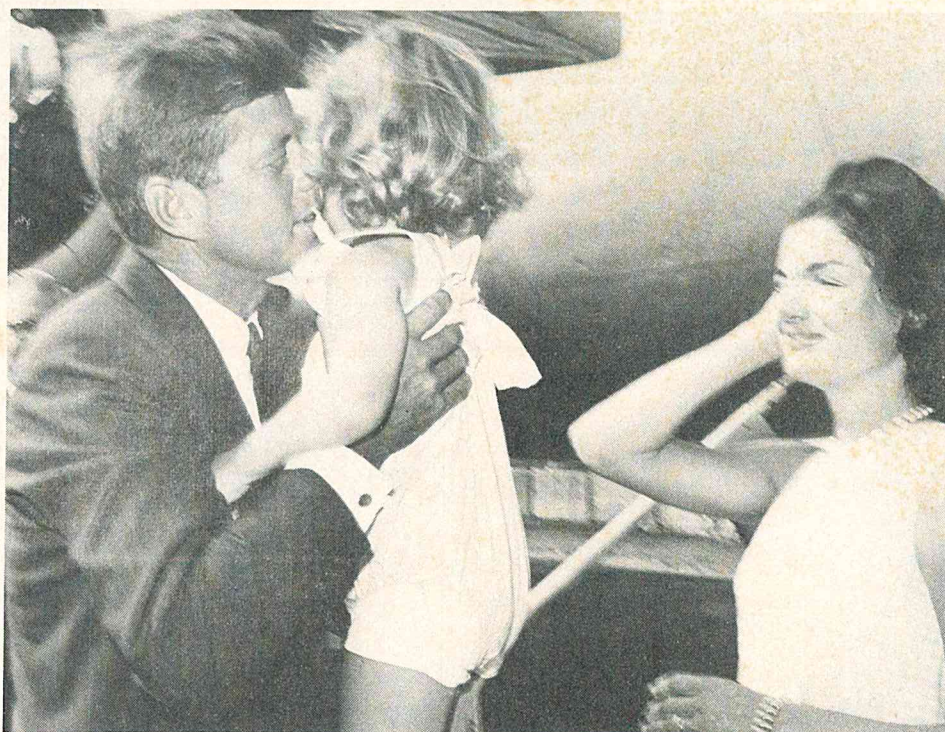
Stevenson later reported that when he met Mr. Krushchev at the nuclear test ban treaty signing in Moscow the following summer, the Russian Premier tore into him, saying, "Stevenson, we don't like to be interrogated like a prisoner at the dock."

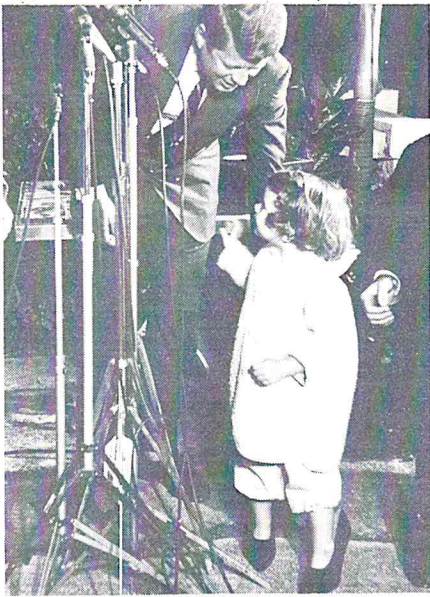
America's First Family



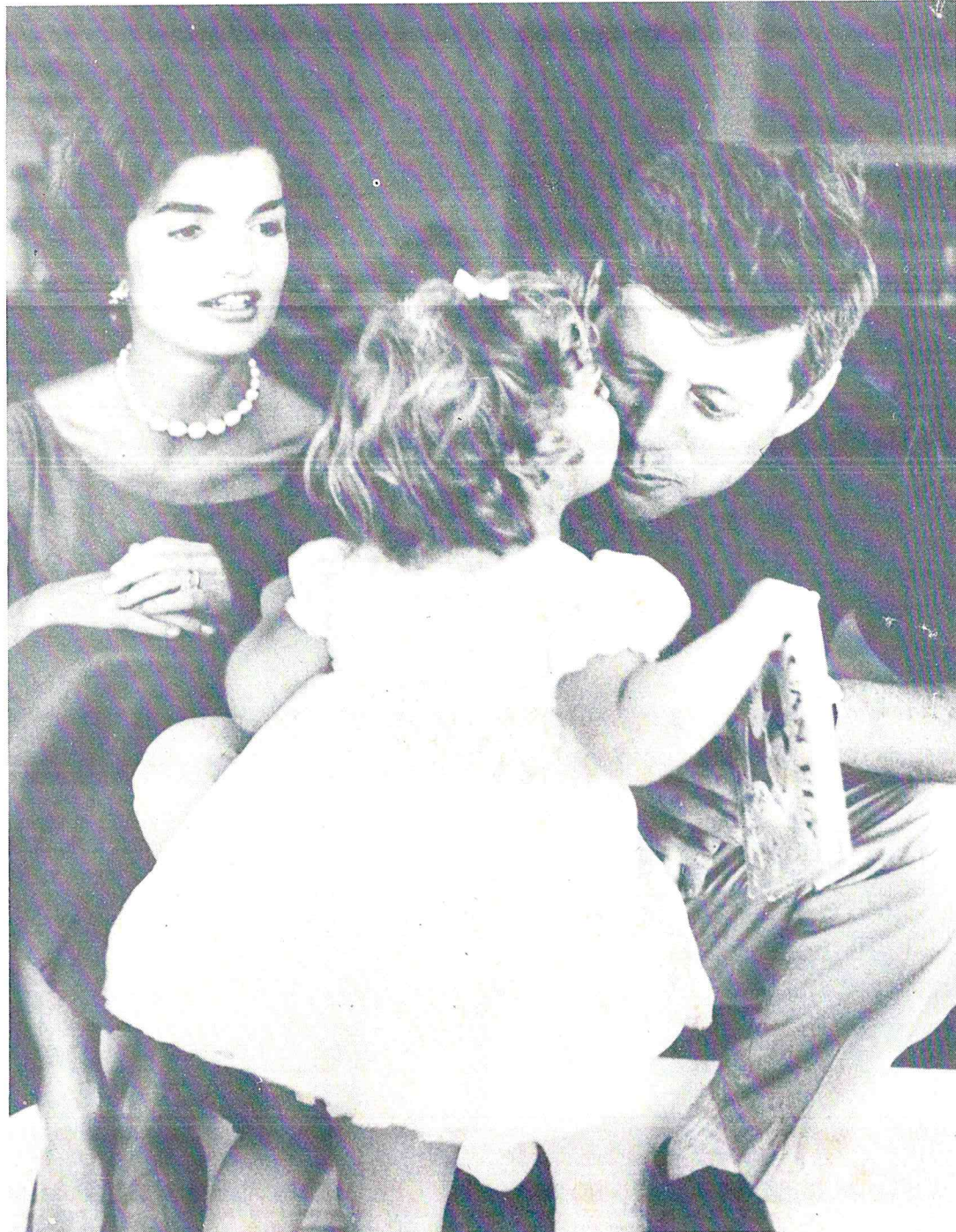


Like every father who adores his daughter, Caroline was her daddy's little girl, the apple of his eye. He loved taking her for walks, even with her dolls, large and small. And when Presidential duties took him away from home, Caroline always had a smile, a hug and a kiss for her daddy on his return. And like all little girls, she adored Daddy.





Caroline loved piggy-back rides and being carried by her father. After a long day's work in his office, the President was always greeted by his family with open arms and a kiss from Caroline. Occasionally, when Daddy was busy with official duties in the evening, it was not unusual for Caroline to go to him for her goodnight kiss. During one press conference, Caroline strolled in wearing her mother's high heel shoes to the delight of her father and the newsmen (left). She frequently stole the limelight.



It wasn't long before the Russians sent a proposal—they would remove their missiles from Cuba and bring absolutely no more there if this country would promise not to attack Cuba. At about the same time Premier Krushchev wrote a personal letter to the President—a sort of man-to-man letter—which it was obvious he did not want made public. He had had no advice from his own country on this letter, and he respected President Kennedy to the point that he also trusted him.

Kennedy did not make the letter public during his lifetime. The tension eased considerably at this point. Just as our President was drafting a letter to the Premier in reply to his, he received another letter from Krushchev in an entirely different vein. In fact, it was so opposite to his previous one that our President became alarmed that Krushchev had been overthrown, that some fanatic group in Russia decided he was being too friendly with our President. At this time Llewellyn Thompson, who had only recently returned from Moscow where he served as Ambassador, took a more middle-of-the-road attitude. He believed that the little Premier's advisors had jumped down his throat and convinced him he was being far too easy on President Kennedy, that he was letting him off too cheaply and that Krushchev had to try some trading.

To add to the confusion and danger, word came that Major Rudolf Anderson, Jr., an American U-2 pilot who had photographed the missile site, was shot down over Cuba on a similar reconnaissance flight. His plane had been hit, from all appearances, by a Soviet ground missile. The President was very upset, but one thing that really bugged him was the presence of our own missiles in Turkey. This gave the Russians a face-saver. They could point out that we had no more right to have our missiles in Turkey than they had to have theirs in Cuba. He had repeatedly requested that these missiles be removed, but his orders had been ignored. Checking back, his aides found that the President had indeed ordered their removal before any of the Russian missiles had arrived in Cuba.

A grim President Kennedy kept his temper and asked advice from his aides. With him at the time were several top men, including Rusk and McNamara. Neither of them seemed to have any ideas of their own. The President was left in a lonely spot. He must make his own decision and whatever it was, it might well be wrong. Each of

these men came through with opinions, but not rock-solid advice, based upon facts.

At this point Bobby and one of the aides went off to have lunch and discuss the problem. Somebody had to give the President some concrete line of ideas, something he could bite into. No one had. Bobby and the aide hurried back to the President, who was having lunch, and Bobby started talking fast.

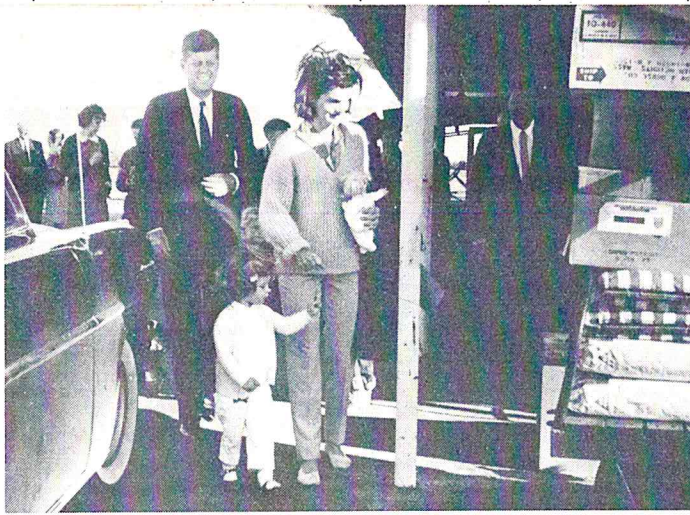
"Relax," he (the President) said. "You fellows ought to know me better than that. I have no intention of taking those missiles out of Turkey. The only reason I asked McNamara to talk to the NATO people about it was because I was wondering what they would say."³

At the particular moment JFK was far more disturbed by the death of Major Anderson in Cuba than he was about Krushchev. He had asked McNamara to find out if the U-2 pilot was married and had children. McNamara telephoned and found that Anderson was indeed married and that he had two sons, aged five and three. "He had a boy about the same age as John," the President said, and one could sense how deeply he felt this.

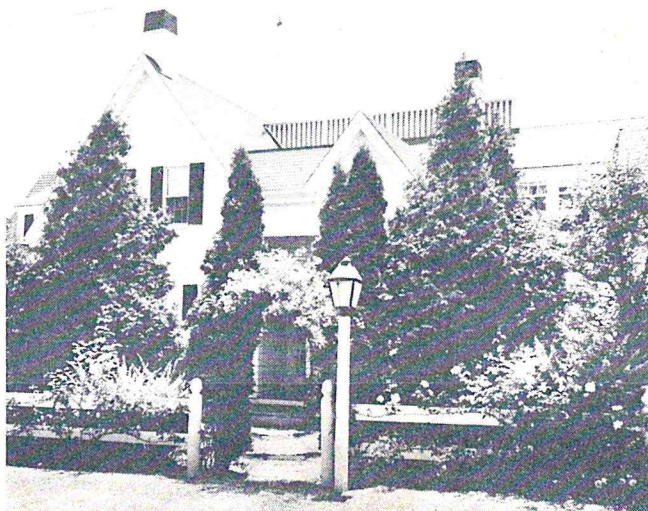
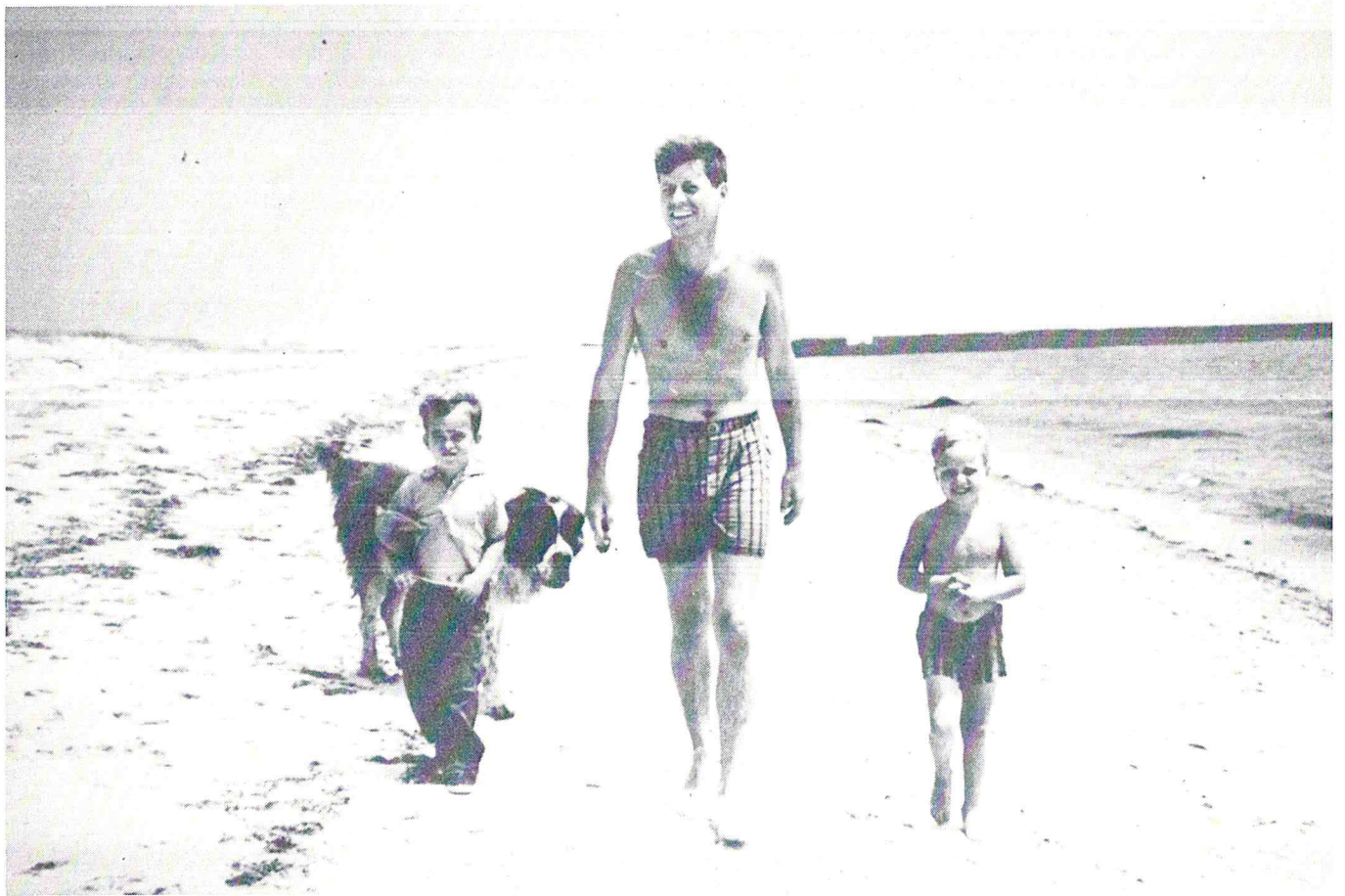
It was Bobby's suggestion, and a good one, that the President write to Krushchev in answer to his first letter and ignore the second. Bobby wrote the first draft which the President edited, changed here and there, then had it typed. He requested that a copy of this letter be released to the press at the same time it was sent off to Moscow. He then requested that his brother Bobby personally deliver a copy of the letter to the Russian Ambassador, Dobrynin, at the Embassy in Washington.

The President advised his brother, "Tell him that if we don't get a reply by Monday, we'll start a military action against Cuba."³

Jackie and the children had gone to Glen Ora for the weekend so the President invited Dave Powers to come along to the White House to eat with him. He wanted to know though if Dave's wife would mind and Dave replied, "Of course, she minds, but she's used to it." While they were eating, Bobby came in from the Russian Embassy, and helped himself to a chicken leg. Bobby reported that Dobrynin had wanted the meeting to be at the Department of Justice rather than at the Embassy. Of course, the sore point with him was the missile base in Turkey and when it would be removed. Bobby told him that this was a decision that would need NATO approval and that it could not be discussed under pressure and threats.



The President and his family frequently took long weekends "getting away from it all" at their summer home in Hyannis Port (lower left) at the Kennedy compound (lower right). He loved spending the day on the beach, swimming with his children and his nieces and nephews. It was during these weekends he was most able to put aside the troubles of our nation and the world and be, simply, a family man.



Through all this discussion Dave Powers was eating up a storm and saying nothing. The President at last noticed Dave's eating.

"God, Dave," the President said, "The way you're eating up all that chicken and drinking up all my wine, anybody would think it was your last meal."³

"The way Bobby's been talking," Dave said, "I thought it was my last meal."

Those days were the darkest while they were in the White House, according to aides, and the President, awaiting a letter from Krushchev, requested McNamara to arrange a meeting for the next morning with General Sweeny so they might discuss plans for an air strike and called for twenty-four troop carrier squadrons from the Air Force Reserve to be ready—if an invasion of Cuba were necessary. Finally his brother left and the President sat down at his desk again and wrote a letter to Mrs. Anderson, the woman who had been made a widow when her U-2 flier husband was shot down. It was a sad duty and one the President felt deeply.

Then with Dave Powers he went to see *Roman Holiday*, a movie starring Audrey Hepburn, one of his favorite actresses. In that way he relaxed.

The next day was Sunday and the President was getting ready for mass. It was one time, he'd told his aide, when they ought to do some real praying. He heard the good news—first on radio from Moscow and then he received a letter from the Russian Premier who agreed to removal of the Soviet missiles from Cuba and offering to meet "every condition for eliminating the present conflict." The President was a far happier and grateful man. But his mood changed quickly to fury when he discovered that one of our military leaders was disappointed, that he actually wanted to go through with the attack!

In the eyes of those close to him, among them Dave Powers, this was a time when Kennedy proved his greatness. Someone suggested that he go on television and announce victory over the Soviet aggressors. His answer: "There will be none of that. I want no crowing and not a word of gloating from anybody in this government."³

Those near to him felt that he was humbly grateful that a war had been avoided and it had been achieved by letting Krushchev back out of the crisis without complete humiliation and we had to make sure that nothing was said or done

that would cause the Premier any shame or disgrace.

However, when a letter came from Krushchev, he did a little complaining. He said one of our U-2 planes had strayed over Soviet territory on its way back from an air sampling mission near the North Pole, and that it might have been mistaken for a bomber. The comment was made that the Russians, when they spotted the U-2 on radar, might very well have thought it was a nuclear bomber from our Strategic Air Force, and that may have been the reason Krushchev was frightened into the agreement.

"You could be right," the President said. "But if you think I'm going to give a medal to the U-2 pilot for getting himself lost over Russian Territory, you're all wrong."³ The president then wrote the Premier, telling him that the plane had been flying, without arms or photographic equipment, looking for samples of nuclear fallout, and that it erred in navigation. In the future, he said, every precaution would be taken that such a mistake was not made again.

And then the President rushed off to Glen Ora that Sunday to have the balance of that day with his wife and children. But some weeks later he had Tiffany make up—from his own design—thirty-four small silver calendars of the month of October, 1962, mounting them on walnut, with the thirteen days of the Cuban missile crisis embossed more firmly than the other days of the month. He gave these calendars to members of the Ex Comm and others of his staff, as well as a few friends, who had helped during the time. He placed the initials of the person receiving the calendar in the upper left corner and his own in the upper right. Only two women were included for the precious gift—his wife and his secretary, Evelyn Lincoln.

It was a frightening time, but no worse, according to those close to him—in fact not as bad—as the cold war which had been going on with Russia before Kennedy came into office.

The critics who claim that John F. Kennedy was out of his depth in the Presidency might consider the historical fact that on November 19, 1962, a month after Kennedy confronted and defeated Krushchev in the Caribbean, Krushchev was announcing in the central committee... that he had decided to concentrate on domestic economic problems in Russia instead of pursuing the world offensive.³



A Kennedy portrait: Seated (l-r): his sister, Mrs. R. Sergeant Shriver; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy; his wife, Jacqueline, and his brother, Edward. Standing (l-r): Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy; Stephen Smith, his brother-in-law; Mrs. Smith, his sister; the President; his brother Robert; his sister, Mrs. Peter Lawford; Mr. Shriver; Mrs. Edward Kennedy, and Mr. Lawford.

THE CURIOUS PUBLIC

The public is always curious about a First Family, whether it be the much older President Eisenhower or three-termed President Roosevelt. But when the man who lives there is young and handsome, a sophisticate of the first order and Ivy League, and when he has a gorgeous wife whose wardrobe is of constant wonder, then the public is far more curious. And the White House, which is situated in the center of Washington, D.C., despite its fences and Secret Service men, cannot always be guarded as closely as one might expect. You can't very well go out on a public street and tell people to move on, that they have no right to peek through the fence or take pictures of those inside.

Not only news service photographers pulled these tricks, but amateurs as well. Everybody was curious about the Kennedys! It was a little bit like living in a goldfish bowl. But every family moves into this sixteen-room mansion because it wants to, with the public issuing the invitation by voting the family in.

Not only that, but visitors are allowed daily to tramp through the White House and view for themselves. Of course, no one is admitted without being checked, and many of these callers are most polite, but others are apt not to be. This may well be the very big moment in their lives, and they mean to get the most out of it.

During the Kennedy occupancy there was never a time—in the daylight hours at any rate—when one could not find these mobs of people peering through the fence, many of them with cameras. The grounds of the White House are expansive and there was a very complete playground for the Kennedy children and their friends. The grounds are protected by guard gates as well as that impenetrable fence, but even the Kennedy children soon caught on to the fact that people were always watching them, many of them with cameras equipped with telescopic lenses.

When Maud Shaw, the nannie, took the children off the grounds, she often wore her regular clothes rather than her uniform and she was followed by their protectors, the Secret Service. She learned to do this when she was in a store one afternoon with young Caroline and a woman rushed up and asked for the little one's autograph. That was ridiculous—for a three-year-old child! The woman had spotted the nannie's uniform.

Going out became a problem for all the

members of the family, so it was a good thing that right on the grounds and in the mansion were many means of diversion. There was a swimming pool available for everyone who lived there, but the special place of the President. Surrounding the pool were four huge walls which had been commissioned by the President's father. It was a life-like portrayal of Saint Croix Harbor which the President, as well as the others who used the pool, found delightful. During the day the sun shone on it, making it so real that one could feel he was in Saint Croix. At night there were lights giving it a dreamy quality. Everyone in the White House loved this new addition, particularly the President who *had* to swim for twenty minutes to half an hour at a time as therapy for his back. Quite often his aides either went swimming with him, or sat at the edge of the pool and talked. Many weighty decisions were made while the President stroked from one end of the pool to the other. The artist, who painted the beautiful and realistic walls, was French and his name was Bernard Lamotte. Pierre Salinger, the White House press secretary, reported in his book, *With Kennedy* that Lamotte "had to work from a scaffolding which was placed over the pool, but the water was kept in the pool because the President wanted to keep swimming."

Lamotte was an agreeable man to have around and was quick to fit into the scheme of things without calling attention to himself. He preferred wine and cheese for lunch and one could find him in the flower room, located next to the White House gymnasium which adjoined the pool, sitting among the potted plants with another Frenchman, the chef Verdon, enjoying the food and their conversation. Quite often Mrs. Kennedy's press secretary, Pam Turnure, joined them and it was all a leisurely fun time. Eventually the First Lady heard about the lunches and on the day that Lamotte finished the mural, "she invited him for a sumptuous meal in the State Dining Room."⁵

After the President had had his swim, he would then go to the gymnasium where he did his exercises. These were ones prescribed by Dr. Hans Kraus, a New York doctor who was an expert on back problems. There was a Navy chief pharmacist mate—actually three of them, but with one at a time working with the President—who had been trained by Dr. Kraus to see to it that the Chief Executive did all the correct exercises. They were simple and all "aimed at

The Man And His Job



President Kennedy began his day early—frequently taking his breakfast with Jackie and the children. The day's work began with checking the daily agenda with his long-time secretary, Evelyn Lincoln (shown with the President, top, right), and, when evening functions required his presence, it would be late in the evening before he could retire to his private rooms. Even then, he could never detach himself from the job.

strengthening the President's back. They would include movements like lifting your legs off the table while lying flat on your back, bringing one knee, then another to the chest, pushups, knee bends and finally exercises to touch the floor with your hands while standing up. There was an exact number of each exercise prescribed and the Navy chiefs saw to it that the President did them all."⁵

Though occasionally the President could lunch with his wife and children, quite often by the time he got back to the White House they had either finished or were close to it. He'd drop in on them though for a chat and then go on to his own luncheon, which was quite often a business affair. When a rare day came along that he was not booked with business over his food, then he joined his wife in the family dining room. After that he would take a forty-five minute nap, sometimes even an hour. And then he was back to work again, often until after 8 P.M. This was his usual schedule. Of course, when high emergencies occurred all of this changed. His job, his nation, came first.

Unless the Kennedys were entertaining, which they did often, evenings at the White House were usually on the quiet side. There would be small dinners with a few friends—ones the President liked having around—and there was always lively conversation. Mrs. Kennedy tried to keep the conversation light as often as possible—she knew the President needed this relaxation and how thoroughly he enjoyed "bull" sessions. Sometimes though they would get into heavy ground and there was nothing that could be done about that! They might run a film which the President would watch all the way through only if he liked it. Otherwise, he would slip out and go to his reading. In the theater he had a most relaxing chair where he could practically lie down and thus rest his ailing back.

But out there beyond the walls everyone knew was the curious public and they also knew that though most of them were friendly and well-meaning, there was always a chance of the other kind. They knew it, but they did not talk about it.

"Of all the places the President went to rest, his favorite was his home in Hyannis Port. By almost any standard, it was a modest home, furnished with simplicity and the beauty of taste of Mrs. Kennedy. It was somewhat rustic, with a great deal of white-painted rattan furniture, but there were also flower-patterned sofas and chairs.

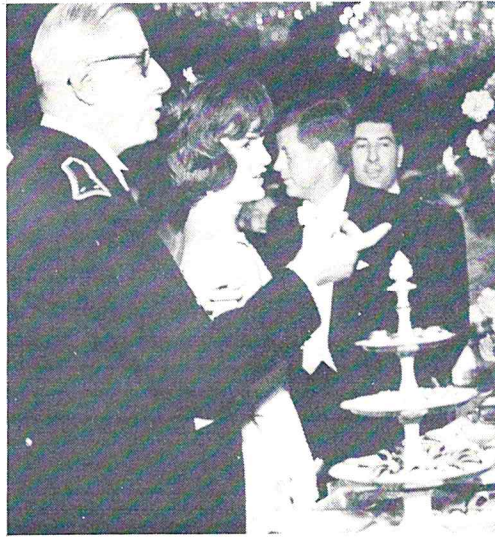
The main floor was made up largely of a living room, with a big fireplace which crackled with a warm wood fire during the winter months. Off the living room was a closed-in porch, where there were often easels for Mrs. Kennedy's painting in the quiet moments."⁵

After JFK became President, a high wooden wall was built around the house. It was no more than a hundred yards from the compound home of his father, Joseph Kennedy, and no more than that distance from the home of his brother, Bobby. The compound as a whole was filled with children—Robert's alone could make a crowd—and the President loved having them around. He had always adored children anyway, which may have been the result of growing up in a big family himself. In the back of the President's house was a trailer that housed the ever-present Secret Service men. But even so JFK quite often played touch football with the kids, wrestled with them, or just plain romped. Jackie used to worry that he might hurt his back, one of her friends reported, but she never spoke of it to him. These two grew closer the longer they were married, despite reports to the contrary.

Sometimes when other things were bothering him he questioned expenses in the White House, in his other houses. He might say something to Jackie about her extravagance on clothes, but it wasn't serious. He was simply blowing off steam. In reality, he was absolutely proud of his beautiful wife's chic appearance and the fact that other women envied her and other men envied him! "He simply had to blow off steam now and then," said one of his aides.

But stories did get about that Jackie spent a fortune on clothes and once when someone asked her if she really did spend thirty thousand dollars a year on her wardrobe, she answered tartly: "If that were true, I'd have to wear sable underwear!"

President Eisenhower had been well known for his golf game and his love of the sport. JFK also played golf, but he never felt it was right to make a big thing out of it. His friends, many of them, say he played a better game than his predecessor in the White House. But he only had time to get in fifteen or twenty sessions a year. And he didn't like to play with anyone who wasn't fairly good at the game. He shot consistently in the high seventies and low eighties. "Although he was erratic with his long irons, his strong tee shots and deftness around the greens always kept him within range of par."⁵



In May of 1961, the President and Jackie visited France where our Chief Executive held talks with French President Charles de Gaulle. But it was Jackie who stole the limelight during this visit. The French were completely captivated by her; prompting the President to comment that he was the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Europe. Many galas were held in their honor; perhaps the grandest of them was their reception at the Palace of Versailles. It was one of the few times that Jackie, as First Lady, did not wear clothes designed by Americans. She wore French originals and dazzled all of Paris.



When playing golf the President would just about drive everyone up the wall with his betting. He had a complex system of betting which no one really understood but himself. He actually won most of his matches before the first ball was as much as hit. His bets involved not only who won a hole, but who got the longest drive, who was first on the green, who got closest to the pin and first in the hole. It was most confusing to his opponents, and that's exactly what he wanted it to be! The amount of money any of them bet, including JFK, was never very much—four or five dollars. But it made no difference to the President. You would think he was playing for a fortune; not only that but it was vitally important to his welfare that he win. He also had a cute trick he used to pull. When an opponent stepped up to make his play, the President would start making some innocent comment, but one designed to make the player nervous.

It is too bad the President did not have more time for the golf course because there he not only had fun—he loved putting his friends in hot water that way—but he completely relaxed.

The tables were turned on him though when Peter Lawford, the actor who was then his brother-in-law, joined him in a game at one of Palm Beach, Florida's most exclusive clubs. No matter where he was, Peter chose to go barefoot while playing golf. He was also left-handed. The President didn't complain about the bare feet of his brother-in-law, but it wasn't too long before members of the club did. Not only that, but Peter had a most unorthodox way of dressing. Members of the club took it all so seriously that they called a meeting of their members to discuss it. It was, to put it lightly, a delicate situation. Because of his attire and bare feet Peter Lawford would have been thrown right off the course if he hadn't been with the President of the United States and the President's brother-in-law at that. The President was most aware of their feelings and felt it was time to have a word with the offender. After that, when Peter played with him it was understood that he wear shoes. But once out of sight of club house and the condemning eyes, off came the shoes and Peter was happy again.

Pierre Salinger came in for his share of criticism at the Palm Beach club and he talks about it in his book. "My own sometimes flamboyant dress once caused a modest furor at the Newport, Rhode Island, Casino. A friend

invited me to play tennis with him there and I showed up in a blue sports shirt, canary yellow Bermuda shorts, and red socks. I did notice during the match that most of the other players were wearing all white, but attributed it to their lack of imagination. Nothing was said to me at the time, but I read in the newspapers the next day that I had been asked not to come back in the same decor."⁵ If he had been with the President of the United States, the whole thing might have been handled in a much more delicate manner.

To get away from the White House and the curious onlookers, the Kennedys not only went to Hyannis Port—and there they had to move, to get more privacy, to Squaw Island because crowds came entirely too close—but they took a house, Glen Ora at Middleburg, Virginia, where they went during the winters when Hyannis Port was practically snowed in. The house they chose was only 35 miles from Washington, but the press was asked to stay away and give them privacy. The press did pretty well, at that—being the press—but they did catch him at mass on Sunday mornings, making sure he'd arrived safely. The United States has its own brand of "papparazzi," as the Italians call them, for photographers would sneak along the road that ran close to the Kennedy house and try for pictures. When Kennedy was at Glen Ora, you could be sure that newsmen were at the Red Fox Inn, a combined restaurant and small hotel located right in the center of Middleburg. This house was leased and when the lease ran out, the Kennedys built one of their own at Rattlesnake Mountain, some seven miles from Middleburg.

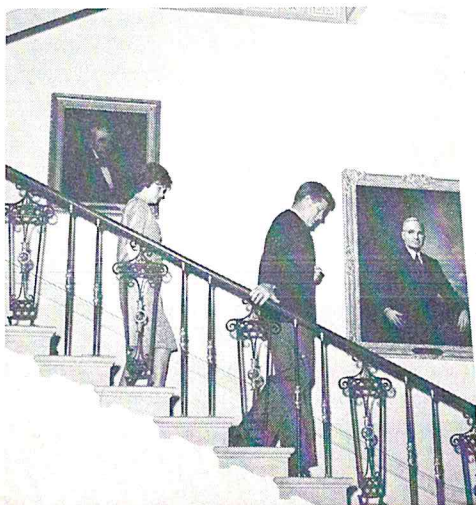
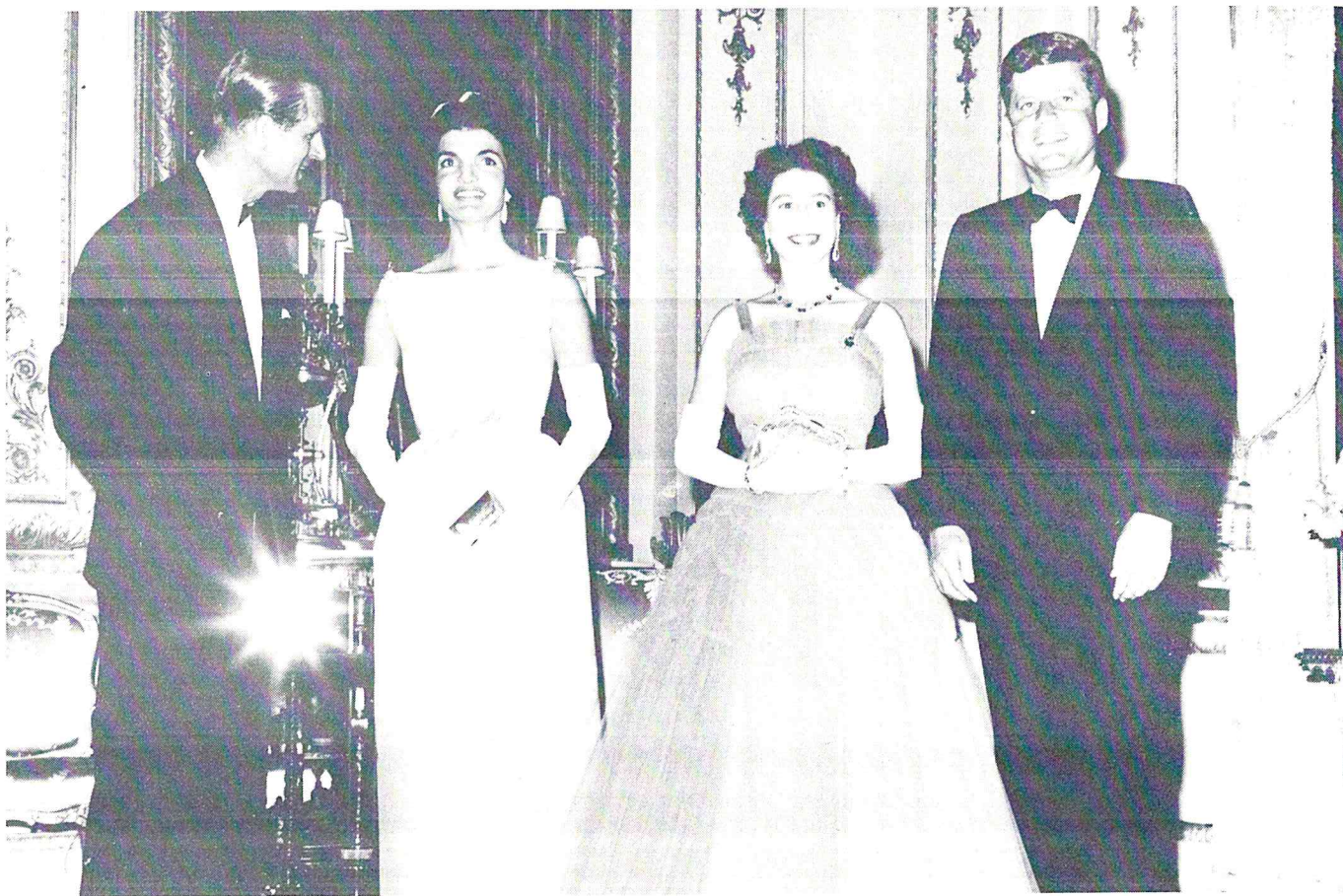
Construction of this new place was slow and it left the First Family with no place of their own to go that was near enough. It was at this time that they started going to Camp David, a government preserve, a habit that was started by President Roosevelt, who called it Shangri-la—and indeed it was. No one could trespass there, not even photographers! And it cost the Kennedys nothing, which moved the President to exclaim: "This is great! Why don't we stay here?"

He could even go to mass without fear of press encounters and really be himself and enjoy his family. I do not wish to create the impression that the President disliked the press. He didn't; in fact, he probably got along with the press better than any other president, but he was a busy man and a family man at that who needed to have a place where he could be out of the eye of the public.

The Beginning Of Camelot



Celebrities from all walks of life visited the White House during the years John Kennedy was in office. Left, Princess Grace of Monaco and the Prince attended a White House luncheon. (Years before when they were both single, there were rumors that John and then movie star, Grace Kelly, were romantically linked). Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth attended a royal dinner (below) and the White House itself became a cultural center for the arts with concerts, theatre, readings, dinners such as the one pictured below with Robert Frost and Pearl Buck in attendance (among others). These were the Camelot years.



As it happened, though, the First Family only spent four weekends at Camp David, which they loved, because by that time their own place was finished and they could move in.

Another spot where they often went to get away from the White House was the Carlyle Hotel at 76th Street and Madison Avenue in New York. Here they occupied a penthouse suite, and it was magnificent with its sweeping view of the city. The apartment was two stories high, had two bedrooms and two baths on the upper floor and a living room, dining room, library, foyer and kitchen on the lower floor.⁵

The colors were perfect for this pair—pale blue accents on ivory, along with touches of green and orange. It was furnished in provincial with Louis Quinze pieces and azure-white painted and gilded frames and silk upholstery.

The First Lady's bedroom was done in white gold, with pink predominating. This was her favorite color. The President's bedroom was beige and brown with a green velvet chair and a green leather chair. White telephones were on his desk and he had a direct line to the White House. The walls of his rooms were decorated with nautical prints, two of them done in petit point. Hanging over his bed was a print of Commodore Perry signing a peace treaty with the Indians. The study on the lower floor had white woodwork trim, blue walls and hanging on them were Early American prints. This was a favorite place for the President, who found that often he could escape the crowds in the biggest city in the country far more easily than by being off in the woods or mountains. Personnel at the Carlyle were most discreet with their distinguished visitors and it was worth an employee's head to reveal their presence. Both the Kennedys loved New York though and often invited special friends to visit them at the penthouse. They were always people with whom they could talk freely.

The First Lady and her sister, Lee (the wife of Prince Stanislas Radziwell of Polish birth), were extremely close to each other and had always got along very well together. It was indeed fortunate that the President liked Lee's titled husband and found him very droll. A descendant of an old and noble Polish family, Stash, as he was called by his wife, the Kennedys and other friends, was an astute London businessman. He didn't talk a great deal, but when he did, he was subtly amusing. He was a far cry from the stereotype of European royalty we have so often heard about. He had not married for money as so many titled

Europeans had done; he had plenty of money himself. He was a miserable athlete, but he was a good sport and willing to try. "...Stash still put a great deal of effort into everything he did. The President admired him greatly when at the height of the fifty-mile hike craze, the Prince volunteered to make the walk (and made it) although he was unable to walk for several days thereafter."⁵

The fifty-mile walk disturbed a great many of the President's buddies and associates, including Pierre Salinger who was a bit on the plump side.

Lee Radziwell was terrified of airplanes and flying, but she swallowed her fears and flew to this country as often as her sister, the First Lady, requested. Mrs. Kennedy seemed somehow to feel happier and more secure when her sister Lee was near.

As for the President, there is no doubt that the man closest to him was his brother, Bobby. He was not only his brother but his confidant and friend. Bobby literally adored his big brother, and there was nothing within his power that he would not do for him. Close as they were, they were also honest with each other. If the President asked Bobby's opinion about something, he got it and quite often it did not agree with what the President thought. Then they would argue it out and one of them would give in if he had been convinced the other was right. But if not, then he'd stand his ground. This was one of the facets of Bobby's personality that the President admired.

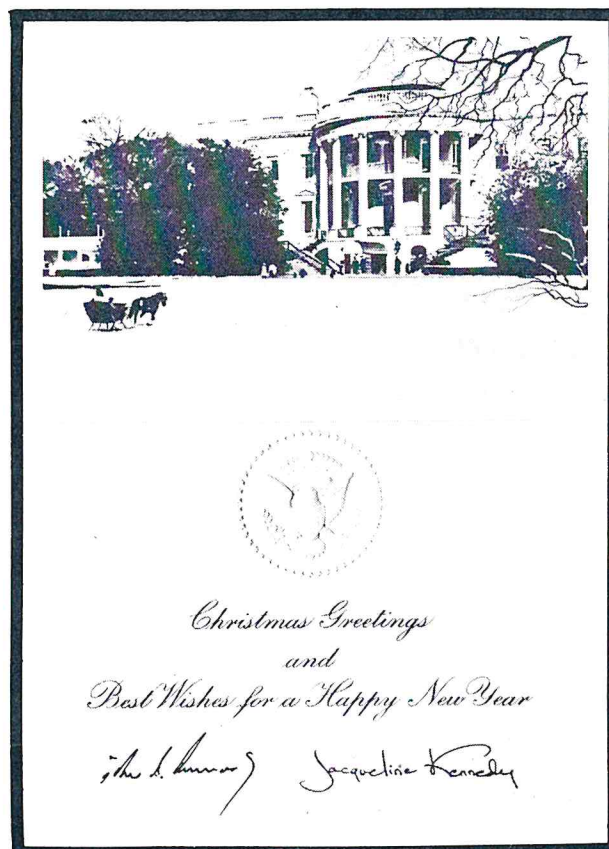
Through thick and thin, glory or tragedy, Bobby stood ready to give a hand, to do anything within his power to help. The President gained needed strength from his brother when their father, Joseph P. Kennedy, had a stroke in December 1961. He was at his Palm Beach estate at the time, and that very day the President, en route from a trip to Venezuela, Colombia and Puerto Rico, had stopped in for a short visit. When he left his father the latter was apparently quite well. But no sooner had he reached Washington than he had a call. His father had had a stroke and hovered between life and death in the hospital.

This hit the President hard because he was very close to his Dad. He knew only too well that he was the one who had groomed him for the Presidency, that his good sense and sharp intellect had pushed him forward all along. The President rushed back to Palm Beach, for the word was that the senior Kennedy would most likely not pull through.

A First Family's First Christmas



Their first Christmas in the White House was a memorable one—especially because of the children. The tree—usually done up with typical ornaments—was decorated with gingerbread cookies, candy and toys. Left, a copy of the Christmas card Jackie and the President sent to personal friends.



The President arrived in Palm Beach where his father was given the last rites of the Catholic Church. He talked seriously to his mother, who was holding up—she always did—but stricken with grief, he knew. She has since said, "I loved my husband more than anyone but God Almighty himself." This strong woman had known great sorrow before—the death of her son, Joe, Jr., in World War II, and the plane crash death of her daughter, Kathleen.

But there she was, trying to give aid to her son, the President. Just about the time that the family had accepted the fact that they were going to lose their father, he rallied. But he was never the same. The stroke had left him unable to talk to his family, and it was like a living death for the rest of them to watch him. This brilliant, vital man was next thing to a vegetable! It hit the President very hard.

But tragedy did not stop there. In August of 1963, Jackie was rushed to the hospital. She expected a child, but it was too soon. In fact, they had already planned a name for the child—if it were a boy as they expected somehow. He would be Patrick Bouvier Kennedy. At that time she was at Cape Cod with the children and she was rushed to the hospital at Otis Air Force Base. The baby arrived, but not only was he premature, he was critically ill with hyaline membrane disease. This is an illness which strikes infants and makes it almost impossible for them to breathe. In a desperate effort to save his life, he was taken to a hospital in Boston by ambulance where the doctors worked frantically to save the child, but his condition worsened. In a last straw effort, they put little Patrick into a large steel compression tank. There he quit breathing.

Pierre Salinger, who was with the President at the time, reported: "Bob Kennedy, Dave Powers and I were with the President when he got the news. He walked away from us and through a door into the hospital's boiler room. There he wept for ten minutes, finally coming back to the three of us where Bob put his arm around his brother's shoulders. We then helicoptered back to Cape Cod so the President could be with Mrs. Kennedy when she learned of the death of her son."⁵

To both Jack and Jackie, the loss of this little one was one of the most heartbreaking times in their lives. But they shared it and had never been closer. "The White House had brought about a closeness in their relationship, a wider

understanding of one another. The death of their baby brought them closer."⁵

After that they locked their grief away and went on about their daily lives, commitments, engagements, trips, as is the way with a First Family.

On May 29, 1963, the staff gave their Chief a birthday party and President and Mrs. Kennedy appeared happily for it. All the gifts were of a humorous nature, one of the funniest being a pair of small boxing gloves "to arm the President for his continuing struggle with Alabama's Governor George Wallace."⁵

Like homemakers everywhere, the White House staff had its share of little aggravations, and one of these was the arrival en masse of starlings, which took no note whatsoever that they were bombarding the White House and boldly moved in. Even the President bought a hat!

But finally the National Park Service did something about it and sent an expert to deal with the birds. Eventually they were coaxed to leave, but it took some doing.

About this time a writer named Robert Donovan, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who was later to become Washington bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times*, wrote a book entitled *PT 109*, which was an exciting and accurate account of the "exploits of Lieutenant John F. Kennedy in the Pacific, including the sinking of JFK's boat, the PT 109, by the Japanese destroyer, *Amigiri*. The book was made to order for the movies and Donovan had hopes of making a sale. The president had enjoyed the book."⁵

It was obvious to JFK that Donovan had done thorough research on it, even to travelling to the South Pacific where he actually located some of the natives who had rescued our future president and his crew, along with the Australian coast-watcher who had an important part in the action.

The book was bought by Jack Warner to be made into a movie. The White House at this point was getting itself, at least partially, into the movie business. The studio gave a good amount to Donovan as well as payments to all the survivors of the crew of PT 109. The President insisted upon this.

Everyone involved at the White House had their own ideas of who should play the President. And they were not movie experts at all, but then, from the looks of things, as the project progressed, some of the so-called "film experts" did not exhibit an iota of expertise! The

The Private Man



A few private moments with the President: Top, a wintry walk and a bit of play with the family's Welsh Terrier, "Charlie." Above and left, Daddy takes Caroline to a hockey game where the two sat in the rooting section and cheered for Uncles Bobby and Teddy who were on the team. Ethel Kennedy is shown two seats to their left.

President's choice of the actor to play him was Warren Beatty, who had made only one movie at that time, *Splendor in the Grass*, in which he co-starred with Natalie Wood. Both, as well as the film, reaped kudos of high praise. Jack Warner had assigned Bryan Foy as executive producer of the picture with himself acting as over-all producer. The two came to Washington to see the President. Meantime, George Stevens, Jr. had been given the job to act as liaison with the film company on the picture, along with Pierre Salinger.

From the very beginning sparks began to fly. Bryan Foy did not like Stevens, son of great film producer George Stevens, who did many great films, including *Giant*. Young George had lived with films all his life. "His work with USIA was superlative. (In fact, under his leadership a USIA-produced movie won an Oscar as best documentary of 1963)."⁵ Foy resented him, considered him too young. And said so. There was a lot of argument and discussion.

Foy was dead set against Warren Beatty playing the role of the President. He said he was too mixed up and it wouldn't fit the image. The first script turned out by a newspaper man turned screenwriter was a disappointment to many in the White House. It had lost the excitement and suspense and reality of Donovan's book. The President sent Pierre Salinger to Los Angeles to talk to Warren Beatty—he still had him in mind as the star—and see what he could do. "...I flew to Los Angeles and met Beatty at the home of Peter Lawford. Beatty turned out to be an intelligent, sensitive young man. He told me there was nothing in the world he would rather do than play President Kennedy, whom he admired, but he saw no future for the picture in the hands of Bryan Foy."

Foy was so furious that he responded in the *Hollywood Reporter*, the motion picture trade daily. His attack was addressed to Beatty. He said, "Maybe you'd like it better if we made the President a conscientious objector—or maybe have you fight your way out of the Navy. You're lucky this isn't Soviet Russia," Foy reported he had said to the actor.

Several times it was so discouraging that there were thoughts of giving up the project, but the President felt that this would be completely unfair to Donovan, who had written such a marvelous book. There was no talking Beatty into taking the role at this point—because of

Foy. So the search was on for another star, but this time with far less enthusiasm than previously. Jack Warner may have been quite disgusted with the whole project by then, but he had so much money into it that he couldn't afford to pull out now. There was more confusion over who would direct the film and there was still the problem of the star. It got more involved by the minute and the people at the White House realized how little they knew about film making. Several actors were tested. The President's choice was Cliff Robertson. And he was the choice of several others as well.

So finally the film project was off the ground. Cliff Robertson is intelligent, agreeable, about the nicest guy around. His fame has never gone to his head. He remains the same. He would have done a tremendous job on the right script. As it was, he did the best he could with a slow moving, confused script. On top of all this, the director chosen was a good one, a man of great ability, Lewis Milestone.

The project seemed on better footing, though none of the White House people were too happy with the slow-moving script. Neither was Cliff Robertson when he read it, but he felt that Milestone might be able to speed it up. Cliff admired the President and wanted above all to do a smashing job. He's a tremendously good actor and he could have pulled it off, too. The film went on location to the Florida Keys and work began.

"There was one final eruption before the picture was finished...and one morning around two o'clock, I received an urgent telephone call at my home from Cliff Robertson. Milestone, he said, who was making great progress with the film, had been fired that day by Foy and was replaced by Les Martinson, who had a number of good TV credits to his name up to then, but had never directed a full-length motion picture."⁵

Salinger telephoned Warner in the morning, but found that nothing could be done. According to Mr. Warner, Milestone was going at too slow a pace, and this was an action picture. The film ran for four hours and had to have heavy cutting. The critics didn't like it, neither did the public and it really bombed. Costs had gone up to \$5 million and there was no way for Warner to recoup his losses.

I remember talking about this picture with Cliff Robertson, who was a close friend. He was very disappointed and said that several times he felt like quitting. It was in no way his fault. He admired the President, had loved Donovan's



A President's work is never done—and John Kennedy thoroughly enjoyed every one of his duties whether it was a domestic or foreign visit (such as his trip to Mexico where he was greeted warmly by thousands), or pinning a medal on Astronaut John H. Glenn, Jr. for his historic flight into space (top, left). His meetings with Black leaders (shown with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. above, right) helped promote a greater role for blacks in the United States. In a lighter mood, he applauds his wife, who makes an appearance on a nationally televised program devoted to the arts, a subject of greatest interest to her. Their appearances together always caused great excitement with the people and with the press.



book, but there was nothing he could do with the insanity which is Hollywood when they "get off" in making a picture.

And it was a lesson for the White House too. "The whole thing was a valuable lesson—and when, a year later, the rights of JFK's *Profiles in Courage* were sold, he wanted nothing to do with the production, only the right to pass on historical stories which were added to the ones included in his book."⁵

The White House was out of the movie business and back to being what it should be—a home and the business of directing a nation.

President Kennedy was no stranger to television audiences either; in fact, he made several dramatic home screen appearances. He got into a brouhaha on television that was in no way his fault, but, of course, the blame flew at him fast. CBS's Walter Cronkite asked the President to appear in an exclusive interview at the time the network switched from a fifteen-minute to a half hour evening news show. The topic covered with the President was Viet Nam, a touchy subject anyway. In the actual interview, which was filmed, "President Kennedy spoke of his respect and sympathy for the problems of President Diem. When the film was shown to the public, only the unfavorable presidential remarks remained, and JFK's praise of Diem had been deleted."⁵

Naturally this caused an uproar. The twelve minutes shown of the half hour taping left the impression that our President had no confidence whatever in Diem, and when Diem and his brother were later shot to death in a military coup, Madame Nhu and her friends bitterly reported that the United States President had "given aid and comfort to Diem's enemies." JFK was sorely hurt by these really unfounded criticisms and made up his mind he would be more careful about television interviews in the future.

After that he accepted an exclusive interview with Huntley-Brinkley of NBC, for a half hour show. This one had to be cut for time, but this didn't get past the President. He demanded that the White House have final approval of what would go on the screen—and he got it. From then on he was very careful with the news media, and particularly with television, where changes were easy to make.

His most dramatic TV appearance occurred on December 17, 1962 in a program called a *Conversation with the President*, and it was filmed in his own office. It was an informal

conversation lasting for an hour and all three networks, as well as radio, were represented—Lawrence of ABC, Herman of CBS and Vanocur of NBC. Tens of millions of people listened and heard the President's candid appraisal "of the triumphs and disappointments of his first two years in office. Never before had the American public had such an intimate glimpse of history—and his sense of humor."⁵

It was obvious that JFK was holding nothing back, that he was telling it like it was and as a result the country felt closer to him, whether or not they agreed with him.

Salinger tried early in the year following to arrange for similar interviews with correspondents from France, Great Britain and West Germany. The President wished to reach the French audience, in particular because of "his increasing difficulties with General de Gaulle over the Common Market and France's determination to build its own nuclear force."⁵

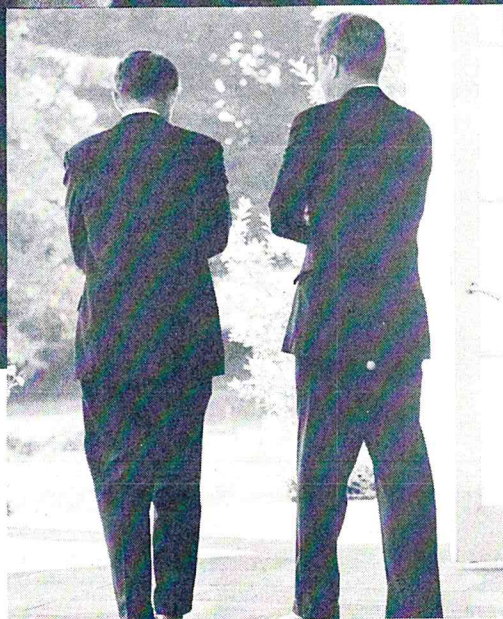
There was quick agreement from London and Bonn, but it was a horse of a different color in France, which would have no part of it. Salinger, in his proposal to these nations, had stipulated that the President's message be carried in full, with no deletions. The French refused flatly. They would have accepted the offer if they had been free to edit the President's remarks. And you can be sure, after the serious blunder at CBS (one would hope it was unintentional), the President was not about to get into anything like that again, especially in another nation. The whole thing was cancelled immediately.

On a happier television note, Jacqueline Kennedy made her debut on television, and most graciously too. She took her millions of TV viewers on a fascinating and informative hour-long tour of the White House. This appearance was the result of all the discussion that had come about over the First Lady's restoration work, and the public was curious.

Though never trained for acting or even public speaking, Mrs. Kennedy accepted CBS's invitation because she felt it was time the country got to see inside the White House and decide for themselves if what she had done was worthwhile. Naturally NBC and ABC, when they heard of the planned program with the First Lady, blew their tops. It wasn't fair, they said, for one network alone to have this privilege—unless it allowed the tapes to be used by NBC and ABC too. Pierre Salinger, the press secretary, thought the whole bit was ridiculous, but he took it to the President for a decision.



John F. Kennedy caught in quiet moments: at left, with past Presidents Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower. Below, with brother Bobby who was always at his side; his advisor, his confidant, his friend. It was Bobby's hope to follow in his brother's footsteps; and John had the greatest confidence in him.



JFK thought it over and decided that since the Executive Mansion was public domain, all the networks should have the program. CBS, which had thought of the idea in the first place, would have to share with the other networks, but they got the credit, which meant that NBC and ABC had to show on the screen that it was a CBS endeavor. It practically made the three networks step-brothers!

Jackie did the show with the grace and know-how of a real pro. She was not in the least nervous—or if she was she didn't show it—and it turned out to be one of the finest programs on the air. There was no doubt in anyone's mind later that Mrs. Kennedy knew what she was doing when she went about her restoration program. And she explained it all very clearly and carefully on the show.

Though the Kennedys as a whole—and their staff—got on rather well with the press, there were times when these erstwhile ladies and gentlemen pushed a little too hard and would upset the calmest of people. But for the most part, they managed quite well.

There was another problem in the White House which the President did everything in his power to solve. Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson wasn't happy. He felt left out of things and that the Attorney General, Bobby Kennedy, was taking over his duties. He complained about it bitterly, too.

In all fairness to Bobby, it must be stated that every one of those close to the President and thus to his brother—and that included David Powers, Kenneth P. O'Donnell, Joe McCarthy and Pierre Salinger—said that Bobby never for a moment meant to step on the Vice President's toes or in any way hurt him.

Many people—and they do it to this day—say that Bobby was completely ruthless. But any one of these men who got to know him well during the Kennedy White House days would be quick to tell you that he was as “soft and sentimental as mush.”

The people around President Kennedy were, many of them, quite young, and Vice President Johnson may have felt a generation gap. The President picked him for the job because he wanted him.

Johnson had been the Senate majority leader and Kennedy may well have realized that if he won the election, it would be a close one, and he had better have Lyndon B. Johnson very much on his side.

Kennedy, who was 43 years old when he became President of the United States, the youngest elected President of our country, doubtless wanted as his vice president an older man and one of experience. It is doubtful that he ever thought that the Vice President would one day step into his shoes.

HIS BELOVED FIRST LADY

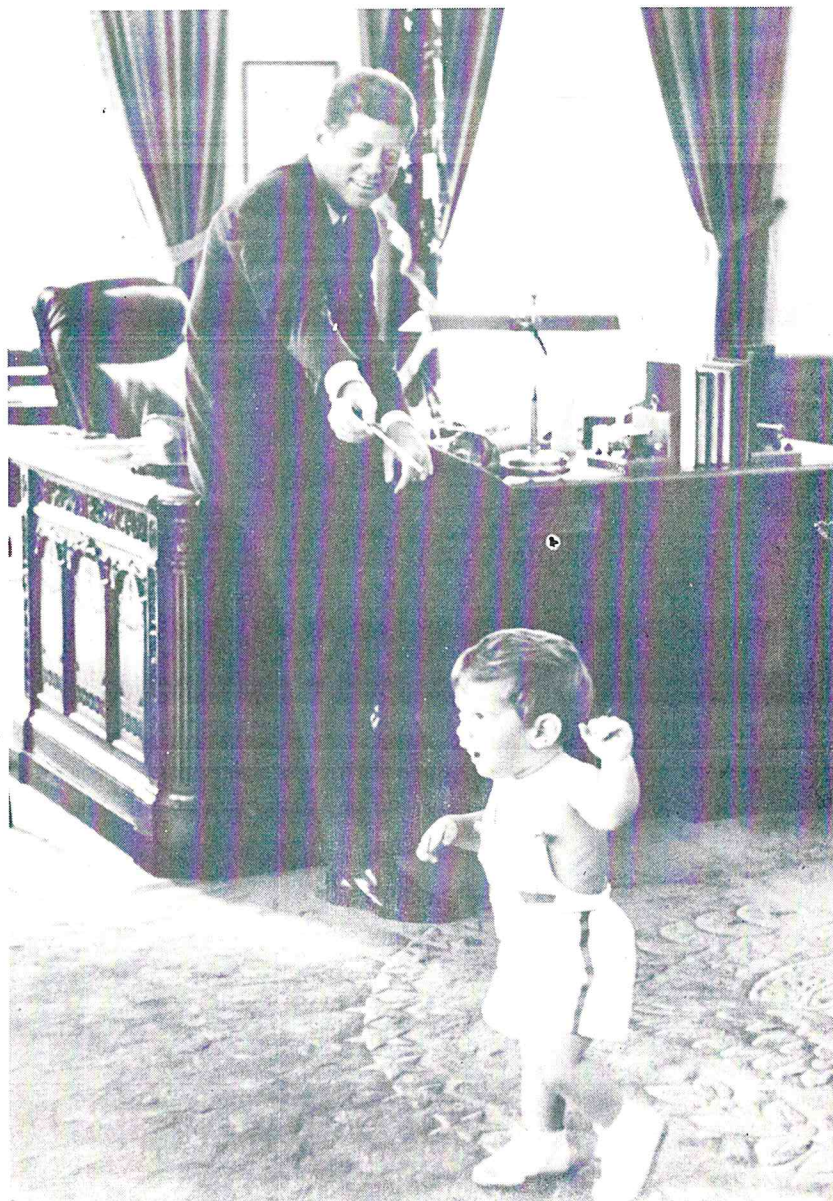
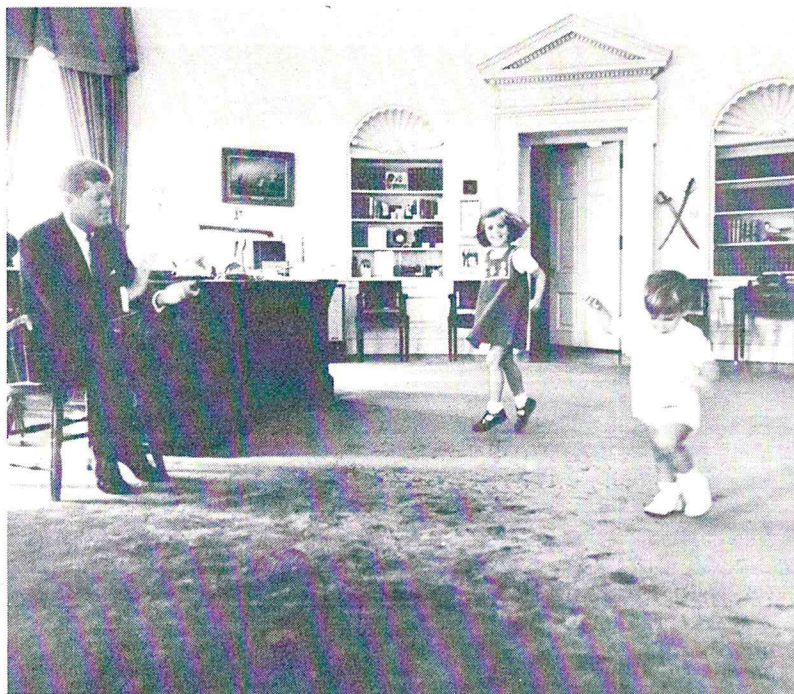
There had never been, during the history of this nation, a First Lady quite like Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy. Other presidents' wives had flair in fashion, and had been craciously at home in the drawing room, but none had ever exhibited the individualism of Jackie.

“My husband and my children come first,” she said. “I'll always do anything my husband asks me to... But I think the major role of the First Lady is to take care of the President... (and) if you bungle raising your children, I don't think whatever else you do well matters very much.”⁴

She remained herself and this was sometimes

very difficult to do. She had this in common with the President. He was always himself. She received all sorts of suggestions—why wasn't she acting more political like Eleanor Roosevelt, more homespun like Bess Truman? But sensitive Jackie was also strong-willed. Above all she had to be herself and she had one guideline only—her husband. She would do nothing intentionally that displeased him.

She had a rare kind of provocative charm that no one around her could miss. She never at any time bored or wearied the President, and she was always available to him and her children. According to Sorensen: “As the Attorney



The First Family rarely missed attending mass on Sunday even when vacationing (as above). And at home at the White House, Caroline and John-John were a delight to the President. They loved to visit him in his office, to play and dance—much to his amusement. Even on the most exhausting work days, the President found time to devote to his wife and darling children.

General once commented, 'Jack knows she'll never greet him with, "What's new in Laos?"' "4 But that was good. The President wanted to hear, in his time alone with his wife and children, about their day, what she had planned for him socially. He knew that she would never intentionally involve him in a dinner party or any other kind of social gathering that he would not enjoy. Busy as he was in the White House, Jackie actually saw more of her husband than she had when he was a Senator. And they became much closer, more deeply in love.

She continued to be herself and that meant wearing exotic designer clothes—she did insist on American designers, however, and only wore French ones while in France and then as a courtesy to that nation. The dress she wore to the French dinner was a Givenchy.

She went fox hunting, water skiing and antique hunting, and if the President asked her to appear at a political gathering, she willingly did so. But she could no more change her personality, become a folksy sort of person, than she could talk in a loud raucous voice. Nor would she wear cheap clothes, when she visited poorer nations, because she felt it would have been instantly picked up as phony. As a result she became "a world-wide symbol of American culture and good taste, and offered proof in the modern age that the female sex can succeed by merely remaining feminine."4

She was the perfect opposite, in many ways, to her husband, who was far more talkative and curious, and gifted with one of the most fabulous senses of humor God ever gave a man.

He absolutely refused to take himself seriously and when an impersonator by the name of Vaughn Meader was winning a great deal of attention with his take-offs on the President, there were many who wondered if JFK would resent it. One time "at a news conference... he was annoyed by a sometimes funny recording of skits about 'The First Family' by a very skillful Kennedy impersonator named Vaughn Meader. The President said, 'I listened to Mr. Meader's record, but I thought it sounded more like Teddy than it did me—so *he's* annoyed.'"4

Many people believed that the Kennedys were more like a royal pair than a First Family. But that was natural enough—with their youth and beauty and the fact that they were from families of social background and wealth. Only in America could such a phenomenon have occurred. In a little over a century, the President's family

had come to this country from Ireland—and Americans were none too happy with the Irish invasion—and risen to the heights of wealth and respect.

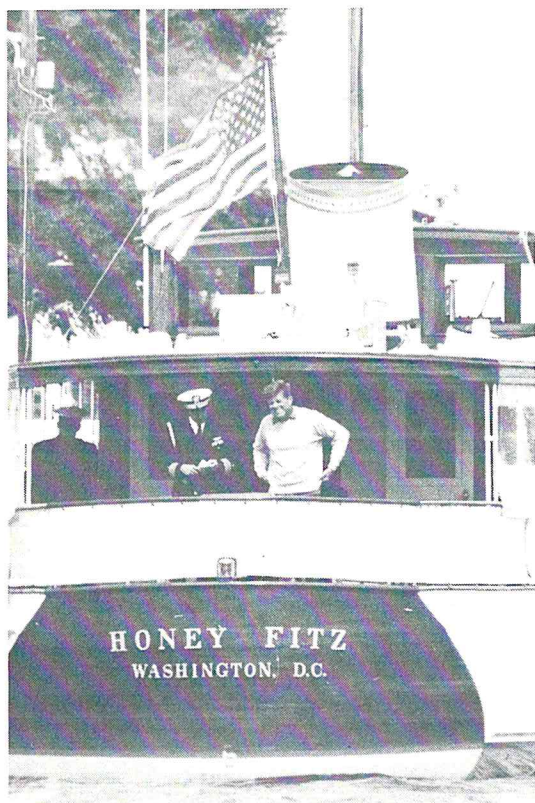
But despite his flamboyant appeal to the country, he cared deeply for his people—their human rights, education, good health, greater dignity and cleaner cities.

Many people wondered why he cared—he had never known poverty or anything remotely verging on it—but those who knew him soon realized that President Kennedy cared and cared deeply about the people of his nation, particularly the children. He would always make it a personal thing. If there were war, it would destroy children, like his own two. He talked this over often with his wife who felt as he did about the subject. But she left the government decisions to him, taking it upon herself to see that his home was run in such a manner that he could concentrate on his work and have no domestic worries.

He was keenly aware of what his wife had done in preserving the greatness of the Executive Mansion for posterity and he appreciated it. He also realized she was a past master at entertaining and that state dinners at the White House maintained an atmosphere of warmth while at the same time having true elegance. She managed to keep formal protocol at a minimum. "State Dinners at the White House, I can testify from my few first-hand experiences, had an atmosphere of warmth as well as elegance... Changing clothes in my office and walking over, I was given my seat assignment and introduced to my dinner partner by one of the military or social aides. As the guests talked in the East Room, martial music announced the arrival on the staircase of the President and Mrs. Kennedy and the guest of honor. A receiving line formed, the President usually laughing at being formally introduced to me by a military aide and adding some humorous twist to my job description as he introduced me to the visiting chief of state."4

The President always charmed the ladies around him before changing tack and asking one of his guests a serious question.

There was usually a large horseshoe-shaped table for these affairs, but often the First Lady with her gift for charming entertainment, changed the table for clusters of smaller ones. There was always the proper wine, delightful background music, and, of course, good food. The toasts were often quite funny, particularly those made by the President.



When there was time for relaxation, the President knew how to put the worries of the world behind him and just have a good time—whether it was sunning and swimming, attending a ball game, or taking the helm on his yacht, the Honey Fitz.



The general atmosphere at these White House affairs was relaxed even though the guests might get into serious conversations later. And this could be credited to the First Lady who had set the stage, then to the President who kept the conversation on the right plane.

After the banquet the crowd moved from room to room, with the Kennedys moving about from group to group and assuring themselves that everyone present was not only having a good time, but that they felt relaxed as well.

Later there would be entertainment in the East Room. And it was always unique, cultural and pleasing to the guests.

Jackie had literature printed about the White House, describing works of art and their history. She had created the White House Historical Association to publish this guidebook and other pamphlets about the White House, its history, and who had occupied it up to the present. The guidebook quickly became a best seller, which caused the President to comment: "We'll be assailed for commercializing the White House." This particular book sold for one dollar. The money raised by this project was put back into the White House, into further restoration.

But the determined First Lady did not stop with redecorating the rooms of the mansion which the public visited. She also worked on their private quarters. There were criticisms, of course, by skeptics who averred that the President and his wife were trying to show the world they were for culture "in the same way that he was for Medicare or Mass Transit. Many artists, on the other hand, looked upon Kennedy as one of their own. Neither, in my view, was wholly right."⁴

It was actually Mrs. Kennedy who achieved these cultural ventures, the President going along with her because he so completely trusted her judgment. He appreciated the fact that, where interior decorating and entertaining were concerned, her judgment was best.

In the cultural vein, the Kennedys got a good bit of kidding which they took in stride. There was a time during the 1960 campaign when JFK was making a speech before a group of farmers in Sioux City, Iowa, "where his clipped Cape Cod accent, with its broad and flat *a* sound and no rolling *r*'s, seemed comically out of place. He reached a climax in his oration on agricultural depression with a shouted question, 'What's wrong with the American *fah-mah* today?' He stopped for a momentary dramatic pause, and down from the balcony loud and clear came a

reply from a comical listener in a perfect imitation of the New England accent, 'He's *stahving!*'"³

Of course, the crowd went wild and nobody laughed any harder than Kennedy himself. He always could take a joke on himself, and his wife often said that she learned a great deal from him. If you could laugh at yourself, you had a great deal going for you.

I have mentioned earlier that Grace Kelly at one time was rumored of having a romantic interest in JFK or vice versa, but whichever it was, nothing ever came of it. He married his Jackie and she wed the Prince of Monaco. She did, however, visit the Kennedys at the White House, and she was amazed when the President commented that the dress she was wearing was a Givenchy. "I ought to know a Givenchy when I see one," he said. "I've paid for enough of them." That was one thing he could not change Jackie on—and that was her expensive wardrobe. Those who knew him said that he probably didn't want to change that, when you came right down to it.

Jacqueline not only loved gorgeous clothes, but she felt that as the First Lady she should dress the part. If the President had really put his foot down, she would have slowed down on her buying. But she hadn't been in the White House long before she had established herself as a very definite person, a beautiful and sophisticated woman who dressed in the most exquisite and perfect taste.

She travelled now and again—to get away from the pressures of the White House—on her own. Usually her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, went along with her. But she was not just out gadding about the world, she was carrying out missions for her husband, writing him in complete detail what she was seeing in various countries, both good and bad. She was, in other words, his personal ambassador. There's little doubt that before she took off for India or Pakistan, she had a briefing from her husband on what to look for, what questions to ask—and then report back to him. He was pleased with her reports, found them to be thorough.

Many critics said that Jackie went in for culture for culture's sake and that neither she nor the President were intellectuals. On this score, he himself swore he was not an intellectual. But he was wrong, according to all the men who were closest to him. "Clearly he was an intellectual, if that term has any solid meaning, although many of his fellow intellectuals would have disputed

The Kennedy Charisma



The Kennedy Look—pensive, stern, happy, authoritative. One of the most photographed men in the world—but rarely will you see a photograph of him wearing a hat. He never liked hats and went out of his way to avoid having to wear one. Even during his inauguration, he allowed his top hat proper use to satisfy press and protocol.

that conclusion almost as vehemently as he. He meditated, but on action, not philosophy. His was a directed intelligence, never spent on the purely theoretical, always applied to the concrete. He sought truth in order to act on it. His mind was more critical and analytical than creative, but it was better balanced by humor, practicality and even profanity than that of the typical intellectual."⁴

Actually, among his friends, the kind of people who are considered "typical intellectuals" were seldom around. He preferred people whose interests were not restricted to the artistic and intellectual. This type of endeavor he found in the privacy of his own home with his wife. But she was also realistic and interested in subjects that he chose. If she wasn't as acquainted with them as she felt she should be, she asked *him* questions and did some studying herself.

His own artistic pursuits were a bit limited, to say the least. Back in 1955 when he had to have surgery done on his back and had a lot of time on his hands, he did try a bit of oil painting and some of his attempts were quite good; good enough to hang in his home. But he felt it was pure luck that they turned out so well and swore he had no gift in this direction. He could not sing even though at times when he was in the mood, he tried. In the right spirit he could sing *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey*, a song he dearly loved, rather well. "In general his respect for artistic excellence exceeded his appreciation. He had no interest in opera, dozed off at symphony concerts and was bored by ballet. His taste in records ran from Broadway show tunes such as *Camelot*."⁴

It was in this type of thing that his wife was invaluable to him. She and his curiosity. He actually had a real feeling for architecture which he would never admit as anything more than passable, and he grew interested in French furniture, but was smart enough to leave the final acquisition of any pieces to Jackie, who really was an expert on such things.

Perhaps his greatest personal asset was his attitude toward being President of the United States. His concept of the office of the Presidency was keyed to power, "not as a matter of personal ambition but of national obligation; the primacy of the White House within the Executive Branch and of the Executive Branch within the Federal Government, the leadership of the Federal Government within the United States and of the United States with the community of nations."⁴

JFK instinctively knew how to take a long view, and his decisions were not made by any grand design for the future. On that famed three-network television hour, I have spoken of before, he said, "There is such a difference between those who advise or speak or legislate and... the man who must... finally make the judgment... Advisers are frequently divided. If you take the wrong course, and on occasion I have, the President bears the burden of the responsibility quite rightly. The advisers may move on—to new advice."⁴ Sorensen tells us that in discussing the concept of the program, the President mentioned a series of poor recommendations he had received from Senator Smathers on the Dominican Republic, adding, "And now he's telling me what to do in Cuba."

As we've said before, Jacqueline never at any time tried to put a finger into politics. She stayed in her own bailiwick, wife, mother and hostess superb. But she was the best of listeners and when something was troubling Jack she encouraged him to talk about it, or if not about it—she made no claim to being a political advisor—about something else, anything to relax him.

She knew, as if by instinct, when it was the right time to invite his mother, Rose Kennedy, to the White House. The senior Mrs. Kennedy loved these visits, and she herself recalls, laughingly, once when the President himself was showing some visitors about the White House and she was sleeping in the historical Lincoln Room. She said he opened the door, said, "oops, this is occupied. My Mother is here," and shut the door.

Many were the times when the President was working a bit late in his office and Jacqueline would allow Caroline, if she was still up, to pay him a visit.

The children had learned that if he was busy in his office, they could wait as long as they stayed quiet. He might finish some project he was working on, then look up and smile at his daughter. What would follow was a lively and relaxing conversation between them. His children were infinitely dear to him, and in their presence he could momentarily forget the pressures of his office and enjoy a bit of time with them. It was the same way with his wife.

He often talked to them about the future, things they would do when he was no longer in office. But from the very beginning he planned to run for two terms, so that put the future far in the distance. Had Franklin Roosevelt not had so

The World's Favorite Irishman



Perhaps the one foreign visit the President held dearest was his family reunion at his ancestral home in Ireland in the summer of 1963. In the top right photo are: (to his right) his cousin, Mrs. Mary Ryan; her daughter Josephine, and the President's sister, Mrs. Jean Smith. On his left is Mrs. Ryan's other daughter, Mary Ann. It was a great day for the Irish and a great memory for the President when looking back on that warm welcome back "home" in Ireland.



many terms, causing the law to be passed that a president could not serve more than two terms, it is most believable that John Kennedy would have planned a more extended time in the White House.

When Kennedy was campaigning for the office, former President Harry Truman had not been for him. But JFK did not hold this against the former president, and Truman, on the other hand, turned out to be a good loser.

Once at a dinner at which President Truman was present, JFK, in high good humor, said, "I used to wonder when I was a member of the house... how President Truman got in so much trouble. Now I am beginning to get the idea. It is not difficult."⁴

Truman, who had a fine sense of humor, laughed the hardest of anyone. He had come to like the young President, though he had not approved—many thought because JFK was Catholic—in the beginning and had gone on record saying so. Truman, however, denied that he objected because of religion, putting it this way, "It's more Pop than Pope." Truman's wit was famous too.

The President never at any time showed disrespect for the office he held nor the country he represented, but no other subject was spared by his humor. Even his own brother, Bobby, the Attorney General, felt JFK went too far, was nearly sacrilegious when he parodied his own solemn Inaugural at a Democratic anniversary dinner, but there was no stopping him. Sorensen reports the bit:

"We observe tonight not a celebration of freedom but a victory of party. For we have sworn to pay off the same party debts our forebears ran up nearly a year and three months ago... If the Democratic Party cannot be helped by the many who are poor, it cannot be saved by the few who are rich."⁴

Those who heard him thought the parody extremely funny. But it was so like him. No one was free from his kidding—not his staff, his wife, his brothers, his opponents, his critics, foreign leaders, columnists or Congressional leaders.

But the most important thing about his humor was the fact that he could laugh hardest at himself, even at the attacks that were made on him, at the praise that was piled on his head. He took his country and all the problems he faced quite seriously, but not himself.

When he made a mistake, he was the first to admit it. And he often said that he learned with

each day he lived, as indeed any man did—if he were watching and listening.

But there was never any doubt in the world, that come what might and no matter how serious, he thrived facing the duties of the President of the United States and warmly approved of the things his wife did to help him. He loved his country, his wife, his children, his family and scores of friends.

The First Lady found out soon after she became Kennedy's wife that she had married not only an ambitious man, but one capable of carrying through his wildest dreams. Because of her pregnancy she was unable to join his campaign for the presidency in its later stages, but she did go along earlier—to do her share. She travelled in bad weather, slush and snow, would climb out of the car and shake hands smiling. From the outset she was a hit with the crowds. Perhaps it was her femininity, that fragile look, but whatever it was, the crowds loved her, and her husband, who protectively kept an eye on her, would often mutter, "Jackie's drawing more people than I am, as usual."

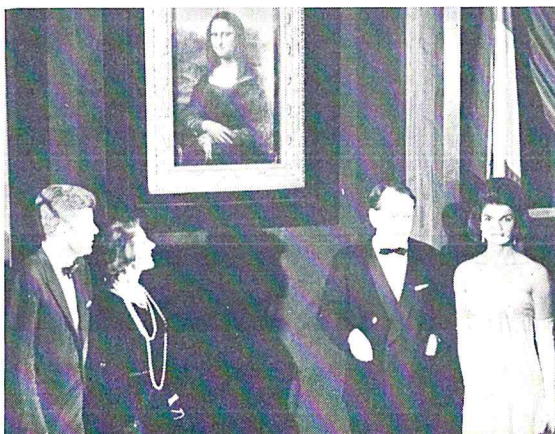
Dave Powers, one of Kennedy's biographers, tells a story about the Kennedys which took place in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. This town was known for manufacturing sausages and musical saws. The wife of a local Lutheran minister waited outside the Blackhawk Hotel with her thirteen children. She wanted to introduce them to the presidential candidate. She had read his book, *Profiles in Courage*, and admired it tremendously. Jack shook hands with her and with each of the children, even posed to have his picture taken with them. He then requested that Jackie be brought over to meet the family. She came across the street "from the opposite sidewalk where she had been charming a crowd of her own admirers. Jack introduced her to the mother of thirteen children and said to her, "Shake hands with this lady, Jackie. Maybe it will rub off on you."

And, Dave Powers reports, "That was on February 15, 1960. Nine months later John F. Kennedy, Jr. was born."³

It was one of Dave's favorite stories. But bearing children was not the easiest thing in the world for Jackie, who had miscarried before having Caroline and who, as we've already reported, lost Patrick Bouvier Kennedy. She was game, though, whether at campaigning for her husband, entertaining leaders of other nations in the White House, redecorating the

Camelot Continues

An evening at the theatre, a Washington social event, a White House function (unveiling of the Mona Lisa while on loan here, below, left) or a gathering on the White House lawn—the President and his First Lady were star attractions.



White House or travelling to faraway foreign places as an ambassador of good will.

She took pride, however, in her restoration of the White House, making it not only into a warm and inviting home, but a historical show place as well. But naturally she could not do it alone. Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon gave a great many pieces of Empire furniture, which included a sofa that had once belonged to Dolly Madison, a former First Lady. Ambassador Walter Annenberg donated a portrait of Benjamin Franklin worth \$165,000,⁶ and this was hung in the Green Room. The room, which was in the rear of the first floor, was entirely Jackie's project, with the help, of course, of her White House Historical Association. Stepping into it one might imagine he had stepped back into time. It could have been a Federal parlor in which President Jefferson or John Adams would have felt quite at ease. There was moss-green watered silk walls with matching draperies, an Empire mantelpiece, early American Sheraton, Chippendale and Hepplewhite furnishings. Mrs. Kennedy's favorite room, though, was the Red Room, or so Mrs. Lincoln, the President's secretary, believed. This denoted the period of about 1820, had bright fuchsia walls in silk with gold-scroll border and the furniture, fitting the period, was in the same color and design. The Blue Room was elegant, it took one back to the time of President Monroe. The Eisenhowers had started the restoration of this room, and Mrs. Kennedy finished it. She added a panoramic wallpaper in a bright clear design which had been made in Alsace in 1830.⁶

Though the President took a keen interest in all of the changes, he had little to do with it himself other than to admire or question. But one day he had a letter from a columnist, David Lawrence, telling him of a typewriter which had been in the White House during the administration of President Wilson. In fact, Wilson had typed his Fourteen Points and other historical documents on it. The columnist had discovered it at the Red Cross, had thought it was of enough historical value to present to the White House, and he did in a ceremony in the President's office.

JFK accepted it and brought bubbling humor out when he said, "My wife has collected everything and this is my—this is the only thing I have produced." He was quite proud of it and eventually the typewriter went to the Fish Room for display so that visitors could see it—and appreciate it.

But perhaps the most treasured possession the President had was the garden outside his office in the West Wing. It was through here that he walked to work each morning, usually with one or both children, and it troubled him that it was barren. Since there was no money—at least not government money—to do something about this, it is quite probable that he would have paid for it himself had not Mrs. Paul Mellon of Upperville, Virginia, a close friend of the Kennedys, learned of the President's wishes, and took on the project herself. She supplied trees, shrubs and flowers and the President designed the new steps that led from the top of the walk down and through the garden. It could serve two purposes with the top step being built as a platform and chairs scattered in the garden below. He could make informal speeches here to a small group of friends or dignitaries.

This is one of the most beautiful transformations ever made at the White House and it was begun in the spring of 1962. The entire area was cleared and then planted with a variety of flowers in geometric design. Not only that, but four full-grown magnolia trees were transplanted there, one in each corner of the rectangular garden. With everything else he had to do, the President watched this project with a keen eye, supervised it. "What I want is blooming flowers on the three sides, and especially along the portico where I receive groups. And I would like to look at those flowers as I walk from the mansion to my office. And I would like them changed from season to season."⁶

The President loved beauty—in all things—but he had no preference in flowers. They were all exotic to him. He simply wanted to make sure that when one kind faded, another should appear so that his garden was always in bloom—in season. When it was completed, it was a place of beauty and it brought pure joy to the President as well as to his children who talked about the garden with him on their morning walks. He was so proud of it that he escorted almost every visitor he had through it, if the weather was nice.

But it spelled loss of freedom to Caroline's pony, Macaroni, who failed to realize it was a special place and saw no reason why he could not tramp happily about in the garden eating grass and flowers! It was not at all unusual for the President to call frantically to his secretary, "Mrs. Lincoln, get Macaroni out of my garden." She would hurry and chase the pony out. But it soon became obvious that Macaroni could no



In chip-off-the-old-block fashion, John Jr. displays plenty of "vigah" during a busy day with his dad. "Daddy, I think they're trying to take my picture," remarked John Jr. (below) as he watched a small army of photographers outside the car window. The remark drew a laugh from the President.



longer have the freedom to roam the expansive lawns of the White House.

Never a day passed but that some crisis would arise—but small or large, they were handled by the man in charge and his loyal and expert aides. He had the ability to carry through without losing his head or his temper (too often). And his wife knew his moods and how to cope with them.

There was the night when the Shah of Iran and the Empress Farah were dinner guests. Farah, like Jacqueline, appeared in the most chic wardrobe and she was beautiful to begin with.

The President was in high good humor and it sparkled through his after-dinner speech. He offered a toast to the Empress and to his First Lady in which he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: I know that you all join with me in welcoming our distinguished guests to the United States. His Highness and I have a 'burden' that we carry in common—we both paid state visits to Paris last year, and from all accounts we might both as well have stayed at home."⁶

Then there was another rumor that ran the breadth and length of the land—that the President did not want his brother, Teddy, to run for the office of senator from Massachusetts. The stories had it that JFK had to give in because his father insisted. None of the sources contacted, including people close to the President, gave this story any credit. In fact, they all say that JFK wanted his younger brother to do his own thing, and that he had felt that it was up to Teddy. If he won the election, then he had proved himself. Actually JFK was proud of his young brother and all for him. And Teddy adored the President.

President Kennedy was also proud of our astronauts and their accomplishments and watched their flights on television—all of them. He had John Glenn visit the White House to meet a Russian cosmonaut—as a gesture of good will. And he had proudly watched Astronaut Shephard fly into space and return with the greatest pride. He telephoned him immediately and congratulated him.

One of the President's most fascinating trips was to Mexico City at the invitation of President Mateos. He took off with his wife in a helicopter from the south lawn while his young son, John, Jr. saw him off and then angrily cried when his father was gone. There was a good reason for that. He wanted to go along!

From the moment he arrived in Mexico City, it was obvious that our President was a most welcome guest. Enormous pictures of him and of

President Mateos were plastered on buildings with bright lights shining on them to make certain no one missed the display. The Kennedys were the guests of President and Mrs. Mateos at Los Pinos, their official residence.

The red carpet had literally been spread for our First Family. This included a performance of the Ballet Folklorico at the Bellas Artes Institute as guests of the Mateos. President Kennedy did not care for the ballet, but this time he could not slip out and go to his rooms to read. If he had, he would have insulted the Mexican president! So he sat through it and realized one thing—his wife would be loving every moment of the performance, which was brilliant and colorful and authentically Mexican. The dancers were no doubt aware of their distinguished viewers and seemed absolutely inspired. The cheering was so great that they had to make several curtain calls. Later pictures were taken of the President and Jackie meeting some of the dancers.

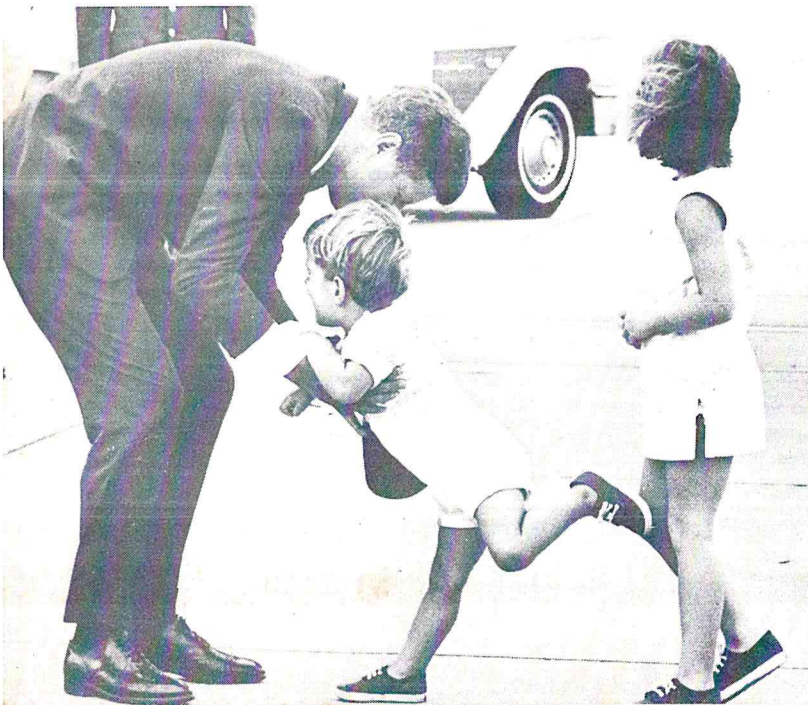
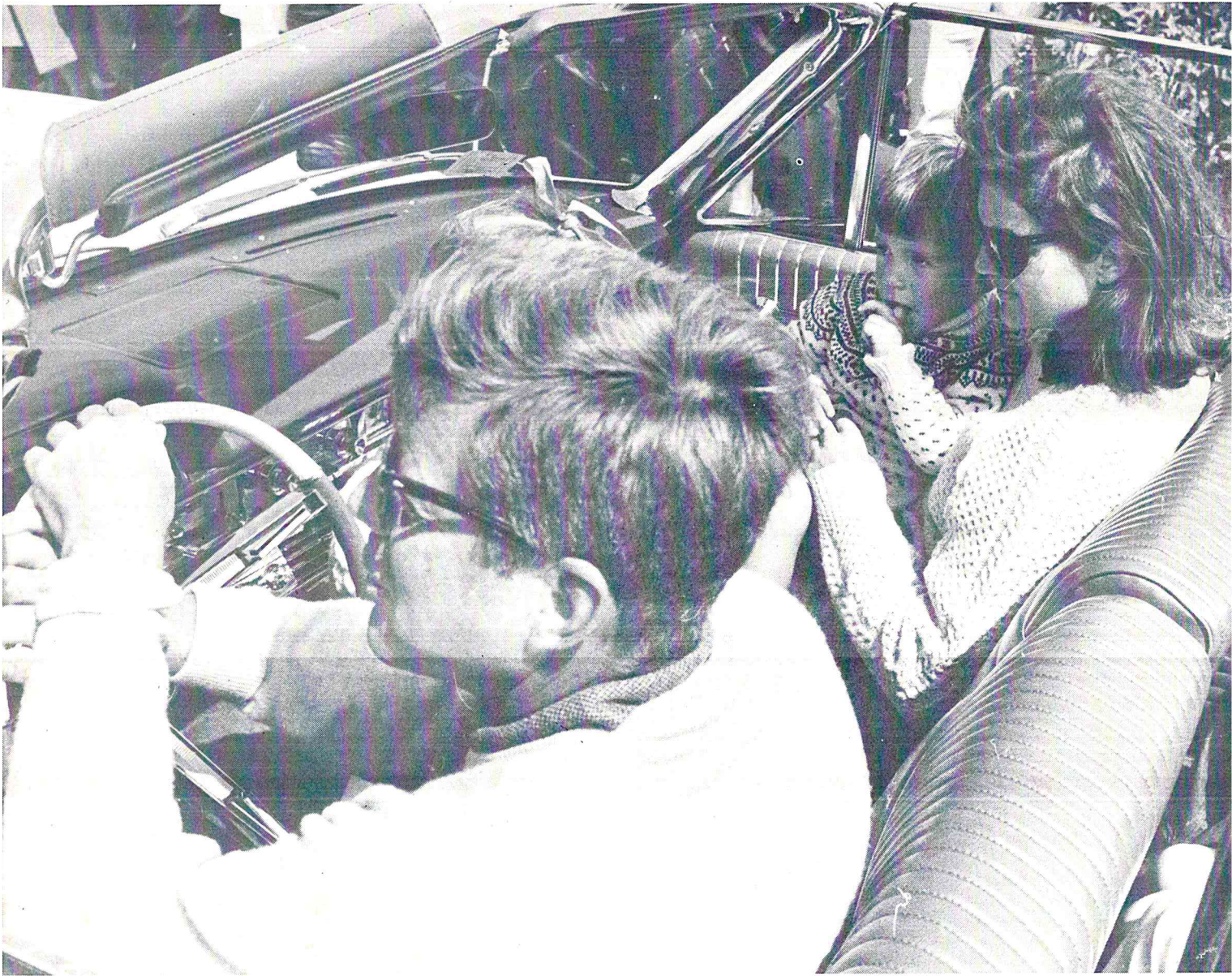
The First Lady though was not the only one who loved pretty clothes. Mrs. Lincoln went shopping, something she loved to do, and picked up some things for the President, including a red cashmere sweater. He was so taken with it that he sent her back to get him still another one.⁶

No matter whether one believed in the President's religion—Catholicism—one had to respect his loyalty to it. In Mexico City he somehow found time to take his wife to Mass at the Basilica of Guadalupe before going on to the airport to board Air Force One.

But his favorite place in the world for relaxation was Hyannis Port, and he went there at every opportunity he had. Though he had moved into a house lent to him by Morton Downey—because it was more secluded from the curious crowds—he still did not wish to be completely isolated from the people, and it was not all unusual for him to drive to a small store near the Kennedy compound with Caroline and sometimes John, Jr. to buy candy for the kids and search for magazines for himself. He read so much and so quickly that this was sometimes a difficult task. But the people of the neighborhood respected him and were satisfied to greet him and then watch him from a distance.

He was thoughtful too, for when he moved from the Downey House he left a special gift—the Presidential flag that had flown in front of the house; he got Jackie to have it framed, with an inscription. He called this a "bread and

A Loving Family



This young First Family cherished their moments together, whether it was a drive to Hyannis Port or a trip that required the Chief Executive's presence. Whenever possible Jackie and the children traveled with the President, which was a great comfort to him during his years in office.

butter gift," but it was one that Morton Downey felt was personal and greatly appreciated.

The President was most thoughtful of his wife, and considered it a good idea that Jackie and Caroline take a trip abroad for a vacation with her sister, Lee Radziwell. They stayed in a beautiful and exciting villa on the Mediterranean where Jackie hoped to get some privacy. But she was too famous. Great crowds waited to greet

them and at least seventy-five photographers were there to take pictures. Though Jackie should have been getting accustomed to fame and crowds by this time, she still desperately needed privacy, at least some of the time. She was not as shy as she had been when she married JFK, she appreciated all the love poured out on them, but she still yearned for times when she could be herself without the cheering and snapping cameras.

WHITE HOUSE CHILDREN

It was a big moment in the life of young John when he was allowed to go to school with his sister and those few friends who gathered each school day on the lawn to wait for Caroline, who would then take them up to the classroom. Now, John John was part of the procession and it made him feel very grown up. One of the young students was Avery Hatcher, the son of Associate White House Secretary Andrew Hatcher. His first day at the White House School was most exciting and important too. When he returned home that afternoon he promptly told his mother that "I got to meet the President of the United States."

"How did you know it was the President?" his mother asked.

"Oh, I recognized him from his pictures in the newspapers. And, you know what? He recognized me too," the little Negro boy said.

"How do you think he recognized you?" his mother asked.

"Daddy must have told him I was the one who was going to wear green pants," was the reply.⁵

It was not at all unusual for the President, when the children were out in the playground in the sandpile, to go out and chat with them—not just his own two—but all of them.

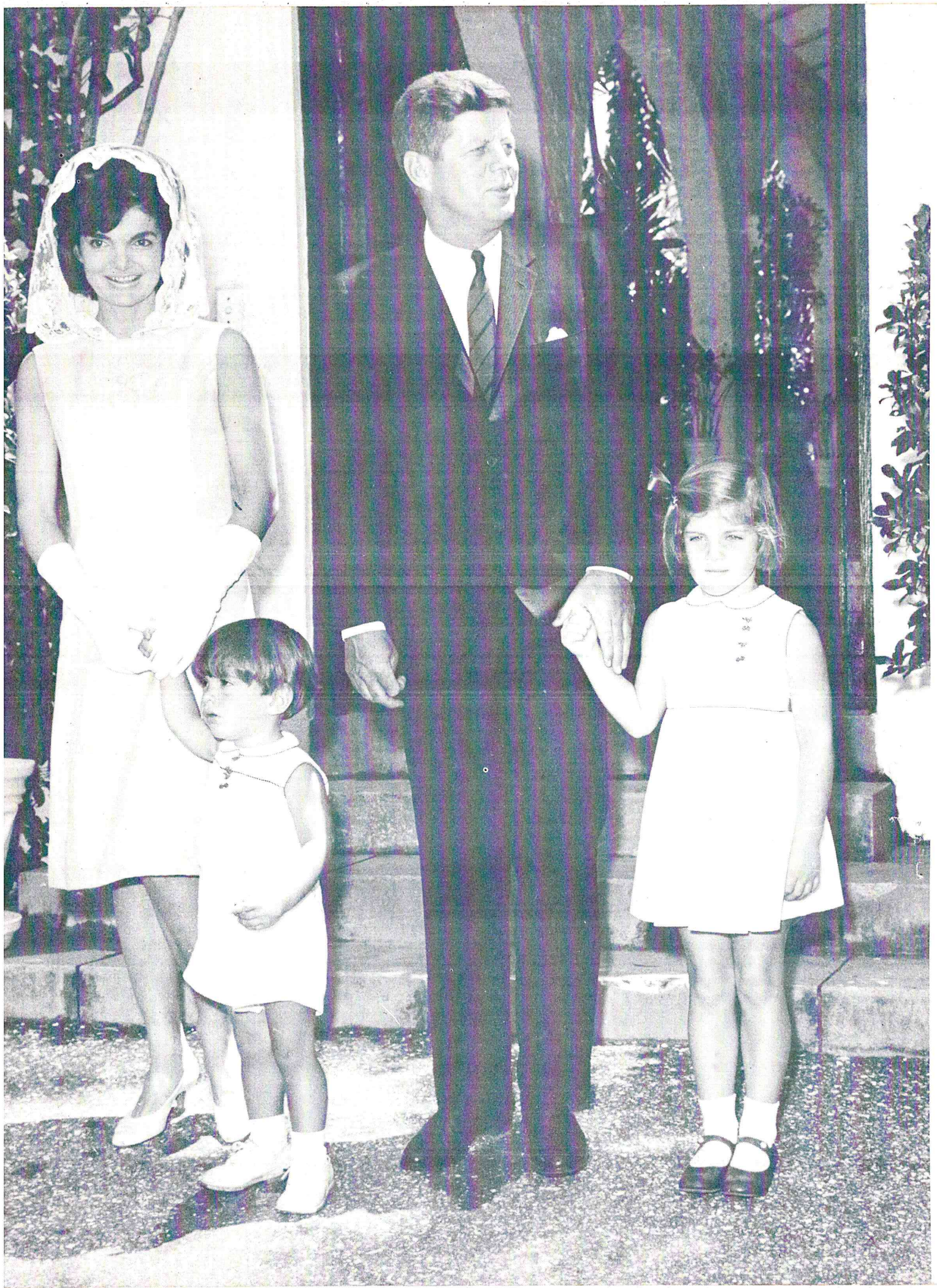
It was interesting and shows how much the President adored his children that he allowed them to have dogs when he had an allergy to them. There was a collection of dogs, too. There was Shannon, an Irish cocker spaniel which had been a gift from Prime Minister Eamon de Valera after the President paid a

visit to Eire in 1963; Pushinka, who had been gifted to the First Lady by Premier Khrushchev and was a daughter of the famous Russian cosmonaut dog who had gone into space, and Charlie, a Welsh terrier, to name a few of them.

A genuine international love affair developed between Charlie and Pushinka, with puppies resulting. This posed a problem. The puppies had to have homes. And Jackie took this task upon herself. The children, of course, wanted to keep all the puppies, but their mother explained that this could not be done and that each puppy would have a good home. One of the puppies went to the President's sister, Pat, who was still married to Peter Lawford, the actor, and the two were the reason for a national letter writing contest by children of the nation. Mrs. Kennedy suggested that the boys and girls of the country who wanted a puppy, should write to her telling her why. Over ten thousand letters resulted and all the letters were read, then a hundred were chosen and those were the ones the First Lady read herself and from them made her choice. Unfortunately the cutest letter came from a little boy who forgot to sign his full name and address. It read: "I will raise the dog to be a Democrat and to bite all Republicans."

Caroline's pony, Macaroni, also lived at the White House, but more restricted these days. Still he seemed happy enough with his little mistress seeing him daily and often riding him.

A beautiful horse, Sardar, arrived as a gift to Jackie from Mohammed Ayub Khan, the Presi-



dent of Pakistan, following her visit to his country in 1962. She accepted the horse graciously and loved it. But when an Indian elephant and a litter of tiger cubs arrived, the First Lady had to decline, which she did with great tact and graciousness. And this too required explanation to her children on why they could not keep them.

The White House was becoming a miniature zoo as it was, but the entire family loved the animals so it was all right, and if all the personnel didn't, they put on a good show of pretense.

The White House mischief makers, though, were the hamsters that belonged to Caroline. They were repeatedly running away, God only knew where to. Or they caught a cold; one even drowned himself—accidentally, of course—in the President's bathtub. Members of the press, especially lady reporters, who covered the White House, found the small animal kingdom a delight and constantly searched for news about them.

Many pets arrived that could not be kept and they were given to Washington orphanages which were properly equipped to take good care of them.

Of course, many of the pets sent to the White House were sent as publicity stunts by

the sender. Pierre Salinger tells of one of these: "The most spectacular of this brood was Zsa Zsa, the beer-swilling, trumpet-toting rabbit. She was sent to Caroline by a Pittsburgh magician—complete with horn and beer-opener."⁵

Naturally, the press jumped right onto that one—which was what the sender had in mind—and asked Salinger wild questions, which he answered as best he could. After all, it was his job! Here are a few of them:

"Q. Mr. Secretary, do you know that this rabbit is a lush?

"A. All I know about Zsa Zsa is that she's supposed to be able to play the first five bars of *The Star-Spangled Banner* on a toy golden trumpet."⁵

There was more, of course, but before long Zsa Zsa was removed to an orphanage where she was a delight to many children.

Had the Kennedy children had their say, all of the animals would have been kept, adored and taken care of. It was sometimes hard to explain to them why this couldn't be, but their mother and their Nannie, Miss Shaw, worked it out. Besides, it was easier for these children than for others to forget because of the constant change of things going on at the White House. And they did have enough pets to love and keep them occupied.

HAPPY TIMES, HAPPY MEMORIES

The President's back was much, much improved and that made, not only him, but his family and devoted staff, feel grateful. Surely everything was going his way. He would soon start on his campaign for second term, one that most of the country felt he'd have no trouble getting, but he was not that sure. He was realistic and expected to have to put up a good fight.

He lived for the present and the future, but now and again he fell into a nostalgic mood and remembered—things that had brought him unusual satisfaction, memories that still lingered in his mind.

JFK had travelled all over the world—when he was young this was a part of his education—and when he was older it was part of his politicking. But this particular day in the fall of 1963 when he was getting ready to go on a campaign trip to Dallas, Texas, he was going way back in memory to his aides. He was recalling a trip he made in 1947 when he was a bachelor and a congressman. He went to Ireland to visit his sister, the widowed Marchioness of Hartington (Kathleen) at Lismore Castle which had been built some eight centuries ago by King John, had passed into the hands of Sir Walter Raleigh, survived fire and



siege, and finally had come into the hands of the Dukes of Devonshire. The castle stood on a hill coming up steeply from the Blackwater River in southern Ireland. Yes, he was impressed, and happy to see his sister, who was nicknamed Kick—happy to see that she had adjusted to being made a widow by the war—and they had a good visit. Then he left to travel to a simple little market town called New Ross on the banks of the Barrow River. He asked a man by the road where the Kennedys lived and was told “just up the way a hundred yards and turn to the right,” according to James MacGregor Burns.⁷

He did not have too much difficulty finding the simple home of his kinfolks. It was a farm cottage, very ordinary, with whitewashed walls, dirt floor and a thatched roof. Living there was a farmer with his wife and at least six tow-headed children. Young Kennedy told them who he was, shook hands and had a cordial visit. But these cousins—distant, no doubt—knew little or nothing of the American Kennedys. Just the same they were glad to see him and the children delighted in examining the gleaming new station wagon in which he had travelled.

The President, his eyes misting, recalled, “I spent an hour there surrounded by chickens and pigs, and left in a flow of nostalgia and sentiment.”

There is no doubt that he took it to heart when a lady travelling with him, said, “That’s just like Tobacco Road!” It wasn’t to John Kennedy. It was pure magic and it did not leave him either when he returned to Lismore Castle and an elite gathering that included Anthony Eden, Mrs. Randolph Churchill and the Earl of Roselyn.

It was the last time he saw his sister, Kathleen, who was killed in a plane crash in 1948. She was a very beautiful member of the family and he loved her, as he loved all: his parents, his brothers and sisters and especially his own Jackie and their children.

He was in New York shortly before going to Dallas and instructed his driver to “take it easy” and not pull rank. By that he meant that they would go along with the traffic like every-

body else and thus not cause delay to any homebound commuters. Though he was born to wealth, had often been called arrogant, he had a deep and sincere concern for his fellowmen. And that included not forcing his fellowmen to get home late because of him.

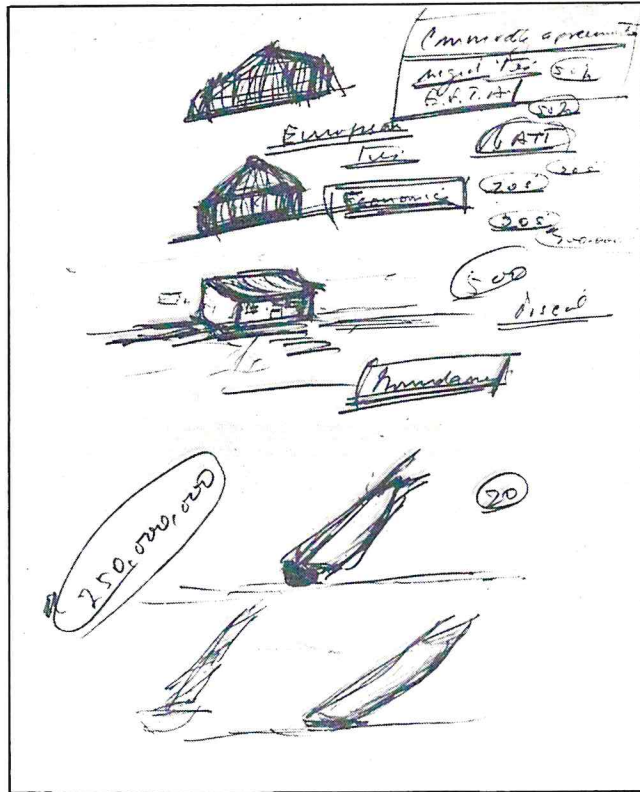
Those were happy days for our President and his family and his staff—that fall of 1963. Vice-president Johnson was going to his ranch in Texas and the President, knowing that Texas was a tough state and might very well go against him, felt he should campaign there. And he made it a point to give the Vice President credit wherever possible. He was given the responsibility of directing the space program and was sent on missions overseas that were of vital importance. But the President loved it when Lyndon Johnson invited a camel driver from Pakistan to Washington. “If I tried that,” Kennedy said, “I would have ended up with camel dung all over the White House lawn.”³

He talked a great deal about what would happen in his second term as President, but one thing he was sure of — he would be one of the most unpopular presidents in history.

But no matter how busy he was, he always found the time to talk small talk, mostly to ask questions. And one of these days was on Thursday morning on the day the President, his wife and his aides were to leave for Dallas. Dave Powers and Ken O'Donnell, who not only worked for him, but were his closest friends, had attended a birthday party for Bobby Kennedy at Bobby's house the night before. The President, who hadn't been able to attend—anyway it would not have been cricket to go and steal Bobby's thunder—wanted to know all about it. Who was there? What did they say? “The most insatiably curious man who ever walked the face of the earth, he always wanted to know everything about everybody...”³

It was exciting to him and to everyone else concerned that Jackie was going with him on the trip to Texas and he had wanted her to have a good night's rest before this trip. She usually did not go along on his campaign trips, but somehow she wanted to be with him on this one. And everyone, including the President—perhaps *mostly* the President—was thrilled and excited about this.

JFK—The Artist



At right is a copy of a page of doodles by President Kennedy, scribbled during his 1963 European trip. Note the three sailboat sketches at the bottom of the page. Boats frequently appeared in the paintings he did. The painting below was done by the President—a coastal scene in the south of France. He enjoyed painting, but never felt he had the talent to pursue it. Later, when he became President, there wasn't the time.



THE FINAL MOMENT

The President worked in his office right up to the time to leave in the helicopter for the airport and his plane, Air Force One. It was like many other quick trips he had taken, only this time his wife was with him. She wanted to be somehow. She had travelled on many trips with him—important ones like the flight to Europe and the meeting with Premier Khrushchev and many others, but this was simply a campaign trip.

They decided to slip away quietly and in that way not disturb the people busy at work in the White House. But, of course, there was the farewell to their children. They had told Caroline goodbye before she hurried off to school, but they let little John be the last one to kiss them goodbye. Though the children were accustomed to sudden departures by their parents, they always hated it and liked to go through the parting ritual. Carol though slipped up to the roof of the White House to wave her parents goodbye in the helicopter and watch it wing away. But John went right with them and stood by as they boarded it.

John John usually cried when his parents left and begged to go along in the helicopter, but this time he didn't. He simply waved at them, happily too, and then he returned to the White House, not in the least disturbed. His nannie, Miss Shaw, put it down to "another corner turned in John's growing up process."²

Activities at the White House went on as usual—everyone was busy at whatever their tasks, and besides the President and his First Lady would be home in a few days.

There was always an air of relaxation once aboard the plane, but not for the President. He never forgot a single detail and he checked everything over with his staff while flying south. Dave Powers and Ken O'Donnell, it was agreed, would ride in a backup car directly and closely behind the President's limousine in all motorcades. The reason for this he made very clear to these two gentlemen. He wanted them to study the reaction of the crowds on the street, to see if they accepted him and Jackie.

Lyndon Johnson's aide in the 1963 campaign, Bill Moyers, himself from Texas, was picked as the ideal man to take care of things in Austin, Texas, the state capital, where the trip was to end.

Dave Powers and Ken O'Donnell hoped that if all went well they could fly home from Austin on Friday night so that they might spend a

quiet weekend with their families. The President and Jackie were due to go to the LBJ Ranch on Saturday to visit with his Vice President and Ladybird. This was fine with JFK, but he did worry about having to wear "one of those big cowboy hats."³ Everyone knew the President had always hated any kind of hat and when one was forced on him, he simply carried it—and sometimes lost it. He liked hats on other people, but not on himself. He had such a heavy head of hair!

The weather was somewhat unpredictable and the President was concerned about Jackie's wardrobe. She might have taken along outfits that would be too warm. The first stop of Air Force One would be San Antonio, Texas, and the schedule was so tight that they would have a mere two hours there. But nothing could put a damper on the President's mood. He was in high spirits on the entire trip and when the plane put down in San Antonio, his spirits were raised even higher. The crowds waited—at least 125,000 of them lined the streets from the airport to Brooks Air Force Base where JFK was due to speak at the dedication of the new Air Force School of Aero-Space Medicine. Texas may have been a state not in favor of the handsome young President, but one would never have known it in San Antonio where crowds cheered and where signs were carried saying such things as: "Jackie, Come Water-Ski in Texas." They went by a school where all the happy looking children waved American flags, and at the medical center, which had only nine thousand seats, at least 20,000 fought to get them.

The President was *with* that crowd, felt a togetherness that he had not expected, and when he spoke, he was at his best. He quoted an Irish writer, Frank O'Connor, on a story about an Irishman who had thrown his hat over a wall in order to make himself climb that wall. He used the story to illustrate our own effort to conquer space.³ He said, "This nation has tossed its cap over the wall of space, and we have no choice but to follow it." Think what a thrill it must have been to a little-known Irish writer in far off Dublin to have a telephone call from a newspaper editor informing him that the President of the United States was quoting from one of his books in San Antonio, Texas!

There was a stiff schedule, but the President, as he was wont to do, ignored it to visit a building at the medical center where

The World Adored Him



People everywhere adored this man. When he traveled to other countries, and, indeed, here at home, thousands thronged the streets to cheer him and, perhaps, have an opportunity to shake his hand. People had never before known a man like him—and perhaps never again in their lifetime would there be another like him. People's love for him knew no bounds.





November 21, 1963



November 21, 1963, the President, his wife, Governor John Connally and his wife depart from San Antonio, Texas (below) for Houston, Texas, another stop on a busy schedule of activities planned for this trip. Left, at a Latin American Citizens banquet Jackie spoke to the audience in their native Spanish, which brought the house down. John was so proud of her and so happy that she was able to accompany him on this brief trip to Texas.



there was an oxygen chamber "which simulated the atmospheric pressure of an altitude of thirty thousand feet."³ He even put on a headset telephone and questioned four young men who were busy inside the tank, following with more questions of the scientist in charge of the experiment if it were possible that their work in space medicine might be a start toward improving oxygen chambers for premature babies. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that he was still thinking of the tragic loss of his own son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy.

Though behind schedule, the Presidential party boarded their plane and in a few minutes had landed in Houston where an even larger crowd waited—to cheer the President and ogle his beautiful wife. In Houston, they stayed at the Rice Hotel where no one, including the manager, Max Peck, could take their eyes off of Jackie. Peck, in the excitement of the moment forgot himself and cried out, "Good Evening, Mrs. President!" This, of course, delighted JFK. Their suite in the hotel was elaborate and spacious and they found a spread of delicacies waiting for them—champagne and caviar. The President laughed about this, though he was immensely pleased, and kidded his wife with, "If the word gets around town that you ordered champagne and caviar, we'll be ruined."³

But through it all, the President was right on the beam. He knew too well that in the 1960 election, Richard Nixon had carried Houston as well as the rest of Texas. He asked Dave Powers about the crowds and how they compared to a previous visit he had made there in 1962. Dave answered—loud enough for the First Lady to hear—"Mr. President, your crowd here today was about the same as last year's, but a hundred thousand more people came out to cheer for Jackie."

It is not known whether it was at this moment, or if she'd been thinking it over before, and chose that time to speak, but Jackie was smiling happily as she said, "I'm looking forward to campaigning with you in 1964."

You can be sure that those were important and fulfilling words to the President, who felt more secure somehow, more whole, when his wife was with him.

Nothing had been forgotten, no group, and that night the President and Mrs. Kennedy both attended a gathering of Lulacs — the League of United Latin-American Citizens—

right there in the hotel. And it was the First Lady, who spoke Spanish fluently, who gave the address which brought roaring response from the excited crowd. Though the President did not himself speak Spanish, he knew by the response that his wife had scored again and there was a moment when their eyes met, a moment too private for others to see, but one that told the greatest of love stories.

But the curious President asked a man who understood Jackie's words, how it was and he answered, "Ah, wonderful!" From there they hurried to the Albert Thomas dinner at the Houston Coliseum. Thomas was the man responsible for the space center being located in Houston. And again the crowds cheered and again—they adored Jackie.

After that dinner they flew to Fort Worth where, despite the fact it was midnight, tireless crowds waited to cheer the President and his dazzling wife.

But somehow they got to the Texas Hotel where a palatial suite awaited them. It was very late, but the President went to sleep quickly—it was one of his lucky habits (most of the time) and he was up early to face another day, a day that would be packed with activity. He was scheduled to give a short speech to a crowd waiting in the parking lot across the street from the hotel, and from there the President and First Lady would appear at a Chamber of Commerce breakfast. His aides report that they had never at any time seen him in higher spirits.

"I'm glad Jackie is pleased with the trip," he said to Dave (Powers), "That's a definite plus, isn't it?"³

The President then went along with Dave out of the hotel to the street and crossed it to the parking lot. Despite the fact that there was a light drizzle of rain, the people waited and called out, "Where's Jackie? Where's Jackie?" The young President, who wore no hat or raincoat, smiled and pointed back toward their suite in the Texas Hotel. "Mrs. Kennedy is organizing herself. It takes her a little longer, but, of course, she looks better than us when she does it."³ This pleased the crowd.

The President then went back to the hotel where he was to meet his wife for a Chamber of Commerce breakfast. She so outdid herself in getting ready for this occasion that she was about twenty minutes late, but when she appeared, lovely in a two-piece pink suit with

November 22, 1963



Above and left, the President and his party are greeted by the people of Fort Worth on the morning of November 22. The President bows his head in prayer that morning during a breakfast at the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce. Right, the entourage arrives in Dallas, just a few hours later. On the agenda, a motorcade ride through the streets of the city.



November 22, 1963



President and Mrs. Kennedy, seated in the rear seat of their open limousine as the motorcade moved through downtown Dallas. Governor John Connally of Texas, seated in the jump seat in front of the President, made comment about the enthusiastic welcome of the crowds and how much the people really loved him.



black trim, the crowd of two thousand went wild.

And the President, his humor still bubbling, made his speech, beginning, when the wildly cheering crowd calmed down, with: "Two years ago I introduced myself in Paris by saying that I was the man who had accompanied Mrs. Kennedy to Paris... I am getting somewhat the same sensation as I travel around Texas. Why is it that nobody wonders what Lyndon Johnson and I will be wearing?"

After wild and continued cheering, the President was presented with a ten-gallon cowboy hat. His aides had all they could do to keep from bursting. They knew only too well that hats were a *thing* with the President and that no matter how charming he might be in accepting it, he would not put it on his head! He told his audience that he'd do something about wearing it back in Washington and then shoved it out of sight, and it, no doubt, became the problem of one of the aides to hang onto it.

Somehow the Kennedys managed an hour after that for a rest—before taking the plane trip, a very short one, to Dallas.

In their suite, where Ken O'Donnell went to discuss something with the President, he found them both in high spirits and Jackie saying, "I'll go anywhere with you this year." The President, laughing, replied: "How about California in the next two weeks?"

She said, "I'll be there."³

By the time they reached Love Airport in Dallas, the sun was shining brightly and it was a perfect day. That meant a top down Lincoln car for the President, his wife, Governor Connally and his lady. There Jackie was presented with a large bouquet of red roses.

Before they started on the motorcade, it had been agreed that the President would wave to people on the right side and the First Lady at those on the left. Dave Powers said, "If both of you ever looked at the same voter at the same time, it would be too much for him!"

Jackie, in her pink suit and pink pillbox hat, had never looked lovelier.

The motorcade was en route to the Trade Mart where a luncheon was planned for the President and Jackie. That night they would go with Vice President and Mrs. Johnson to their ranch near Johnson City, which was not far

from Austin, the state Capitol, where they would stop for a brief appearance.

Directly behind the President's car was the car carrying his longtime friends and aides, including Dave Powers, who had been his close friend since 1946. Dave was not rich and powerful—he was just the opposite—but he was simply a man JFK liked having around, depending on his sharp memory and keen wit, just as he liked having Ken O'Donnell, Ted Sorensen and several others who were close to him. Following them was the Vice President's car.

There was not a sign of hostility or unfriendliness that day in Dallas—only warmth and welcome. The crowds went wild cheering, showing friendship. It was an emotional, wildly happy crowd, a beautiful surprise for the President and his wife.

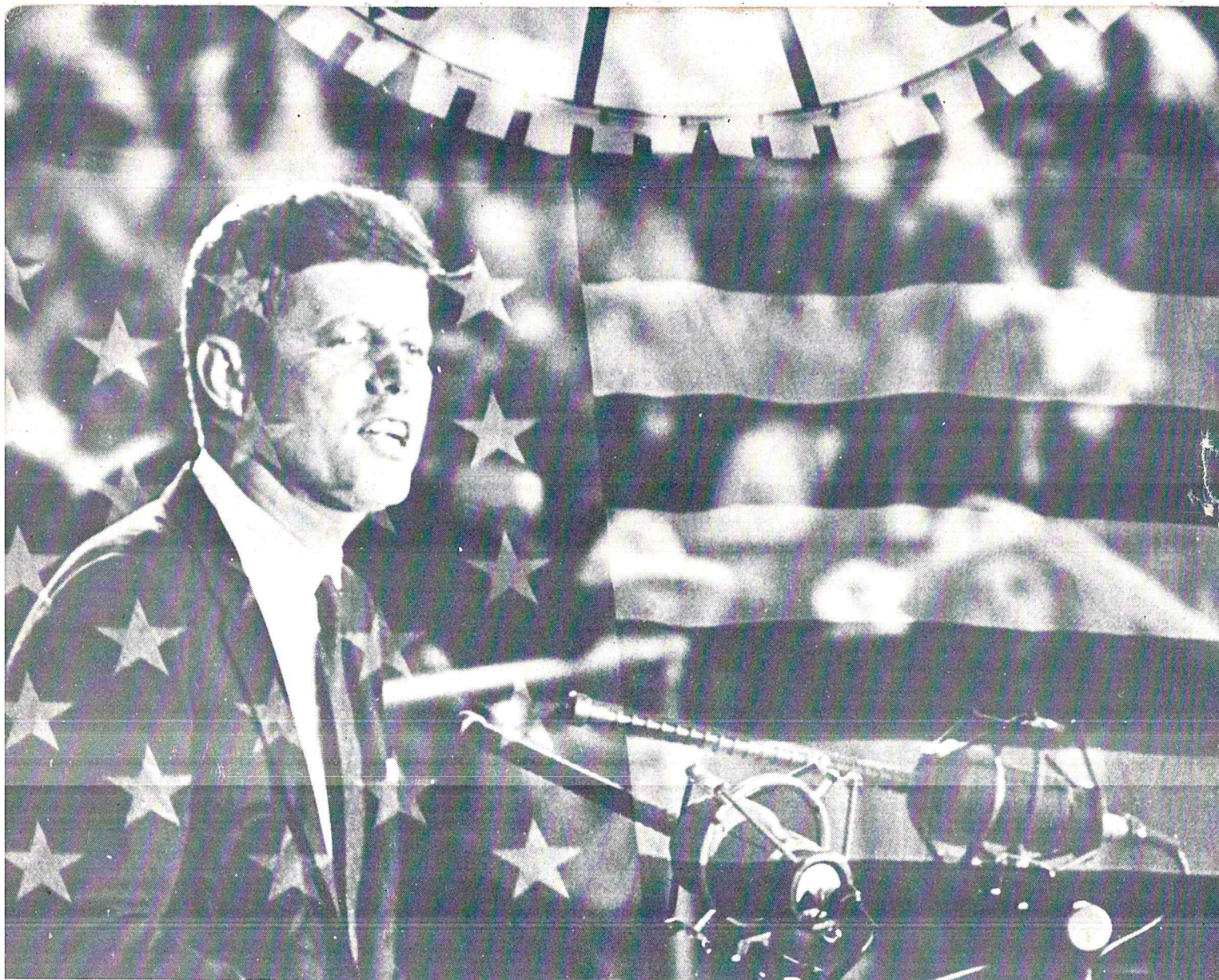
And it was a moment of *Camelot* too, for John and Jacqueline.

The time was half-past twelve and they were nearing their destination—the Trade Mart.

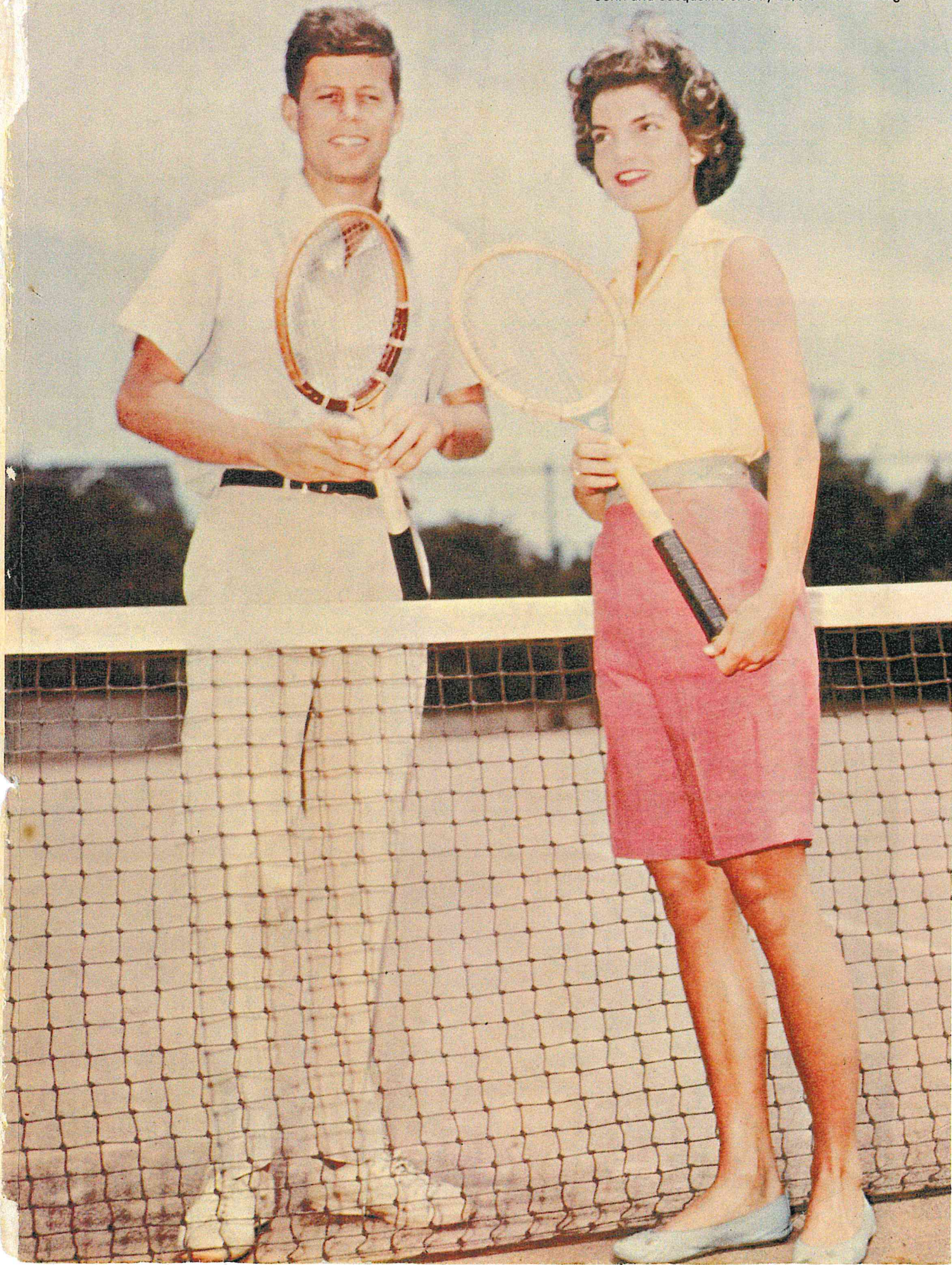
But the final moment came then—in Dallas, Texas, when darkness somehow blotted out the beauty of the day.

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John and Jacqueline shortly before their marriage.





John F. Kennedy in his favorite rocking chair in which he felt "at home" even when meeting with the most important dignitaries.